

2

The

HANGMAN

COMICS

10¢

GANGLAND! BEWARE!!
The HANGMAN
Is Everywhere!!



RE SENSATIONAL THAN EVER!

[illegible]



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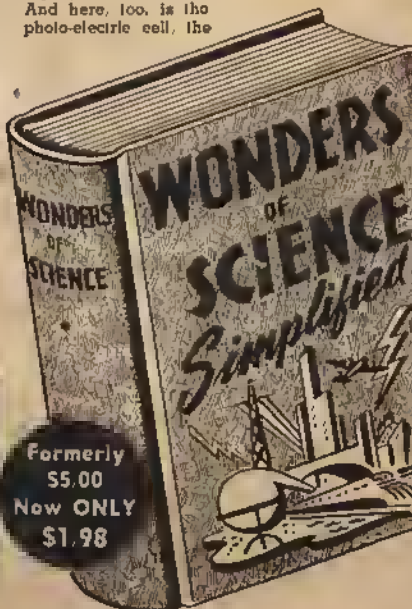
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THE HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO.4

THE HANGMAN VS. CAPTAIN SWASTIKA

A GIGANTIC SCHEME WAS ONE DAY BORN IN THE BRAIN OF HITLER HIMSELF A SCHEME FOR THE QUICK CONQUEST OF THE U.S.-HE IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED THE MOST RUTHLESS, MOST DIABOLICALLY CLEVER OF HIS VASSALS CAPTAIN SWASTIKA TO EXECUTE IT, AND IN SO DOING, PRESENTED THE HANGMAN WITH HIS GREATEST FOE, YET!

ONE NIGHT, A REFUGEE SHIP STEAMS PAST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY INTO NEW YORK HARBOR...

AMERICA AT LAST... FREEDOM FROM PERSECUTION... I NEVER THOUGHT I'D KNOW IT AGAIN!



FREEDOM... EVEN AS ELSA IS
UTTERING THESE WORDS --
OMINUS FIGURES IN HIDING
WATCH HER AS SHE DESCENDS
TO THE PIER...

AND, AS THOUGH SENSING
THEIR EVIL PRESENCE,
ELSA PEERS INTO
THE SHADOWS --
AND SEES --

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!

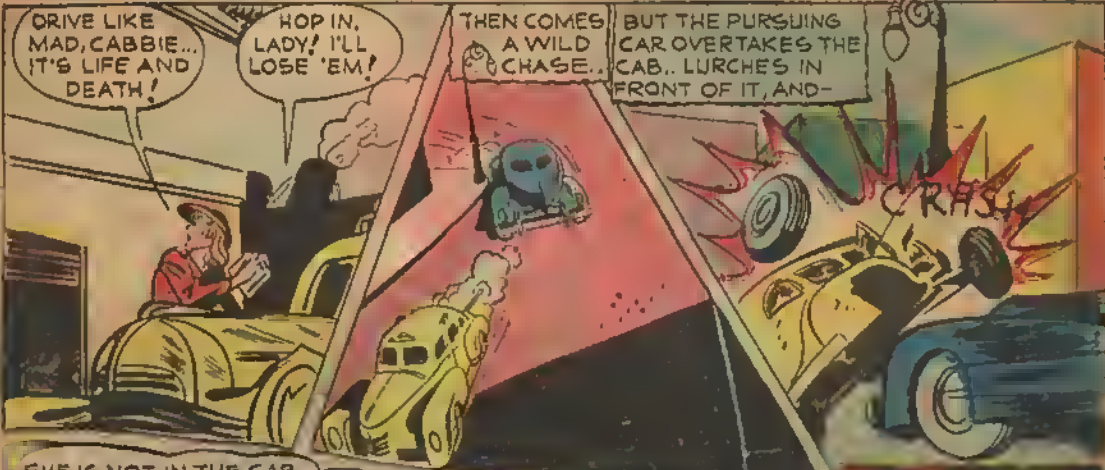


DRIVE LIKE
MAD, CABBIE...
IT'S LIFE AND
DEATH!

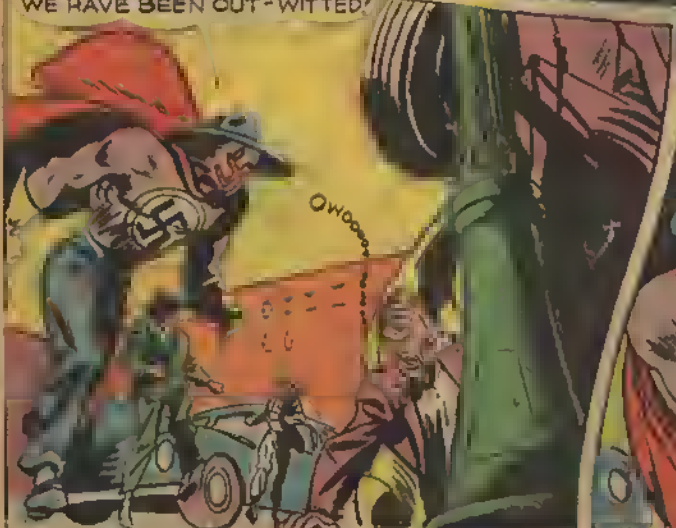
HOP IN,
LADY! I'LL
LOSE 'EM!

THEN COMES
A WILD
CHASE...

BUT THE PURSUING
CAR OVERTAKES THE
CAB.. LURCHES IN
FRONT OF IT, AND--



SHE IS NOT IN THE CAB--
WE HAVE BEEN OUT-WITTED!



DID SHE SAY
ANYTHING
TO YOU --
SPEAK,
SWINE!

SAY-A NAZI!...
GET YOUR HANDS
OFF ME, YA LOUSE!
YA CAN'T BULL-
DOZE ME!



WE TAKE NO CHANCES THAT SHE HAS SAID ANYTHING TO THAT DOG!... THAT ALLEY... IT IS THE ONLY PLACE SHE COULD HAVE GONE WITHOUT US SEEING HER... FOLLOW ME!

NOT HERE! SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE INTO THIS HOUSE!

EEK... EZRA! LOOK... A MAN WITH A SWASTIKA!

YOU ARE HIDING A GIRL HERE... I WANT HER!

AIN'T NO GIRL HERE! SCAT, YOU NAZI!

DO NOT LIE TO ME, OLD FOOL!... I KNOW SHE IS HERE!

I GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!

YOU GET OUTTA HERE, I TELL YA!

I WASTE NO MORE TIME WITH YOU!

BANG

OH, I HAVE BROUGHT DEATH AGAIN TO THOSE WHO TRIED TO BEFRIEND ME, BUT HE MUST NOT CATCH ME... THAT WINDOW - I CAN ESCAPE HIM YET!

HASTILY, ELSA RIGS UP A MEANS OF ESCAPE...

LIVES ARE NOT IMPORTANT.
NOW...I MUST GET MY
INFORMATION THROUGH!



FRANTICALLY, THE GIRL FLEES
THROUGH THE STREETS, UNTIL...

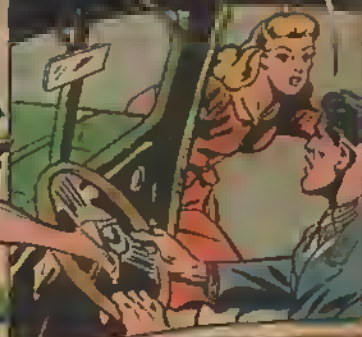
THAT
CAR...I'LL
GET IN
THERE!



THE CAR PROVES TO BE BOB
DICKER'S...

HELP ME!
PLEASE DRIVE
ME AWAY-
FAST!

WHAT IN...
ALL RIGHT,
HOP IN,
MISS!

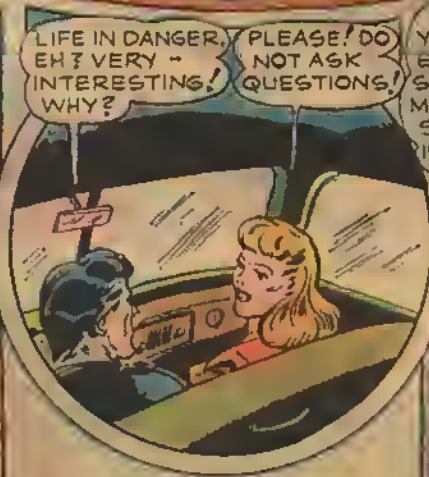


TAKE ME TOO !!Z
RIVERSIDE PLACE. MY
LIFE IS IN DANGER...
THERE IS SOMEONE
THERE WHO WILL
PROTECT ME!



LIFE IN DANGER.
EH? VERY -
INTERESTING!
WHY?

PLEASE! DO
NOT ASK
QUESTIONS!



IT MEANS
YOUR LIFE,
EVEN TO BE
SEEN WITH
ME. CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA
IS INHUMAN!

CAPT SWASTIKA!
THIS
GETS MORE
INTERESTING
BY THE MINUTE!



UT...
BUT THIS
IS NOT !!Z
RIVERSIDE
PLACE!

NO...THIS IS
MY HOUSE!
COME ON,
NOW!



YOU SAID YOU
WANTED PROTECTION-
AND I'M GOING TO
GIVE IT TO
YOU!

I TELL
YOU, IT
WILL MEAN
CERTAIN
DEATH!



I'LL TAKE
MY CHANCES
I WANT TO
KNOW ALL
ABOUT
THIS!

SOMEHOW,
I FEEL I CAN
TRUST YOU.
I'LL TELL
YOU!

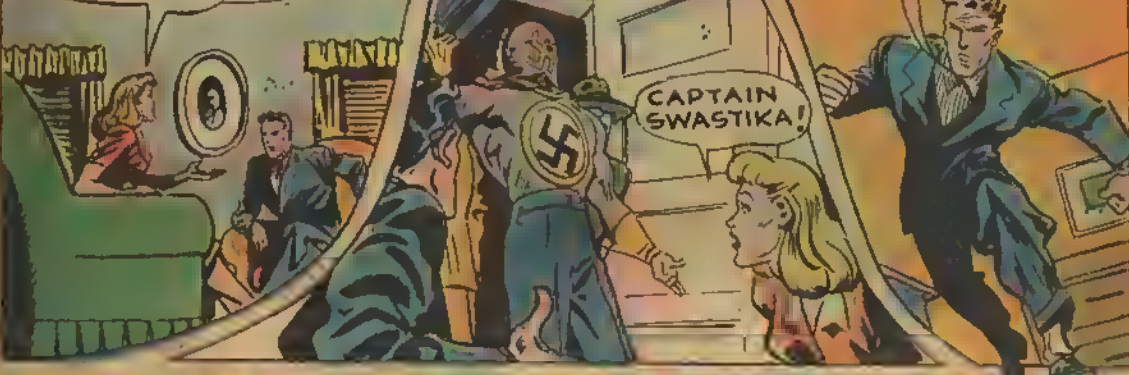


I AM ELSA DANNING, AN AMERICAN BY BIRTH, BUT MY FATHER IS A GERMAN HIGH OFFICIAL WHO HAS BEEN IN DISFAVOR WITH THE NAZIS FOR A LONG TIME. THEN THEY THREW HIM INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP, BUT NOT BEFORE HE TOLD ME SOMETHING OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO AMERICA - SOMETHING...

SOMETHING WHICH YOU NEVER SHALL LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY, FRAULEIN!

SO, YOU'RE CAPTAIN SWASTIKA, EX T. WELL, MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL YOU DROPPED IN NOW!

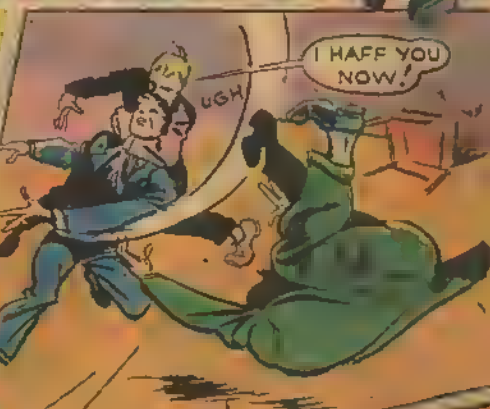
CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!



...BECAUSE WE WERE BOUND TO MEET SOONER OR LATER - ONE SIDE, RATZI!



I HAFV YOU NOW!



THE HANGMAN!



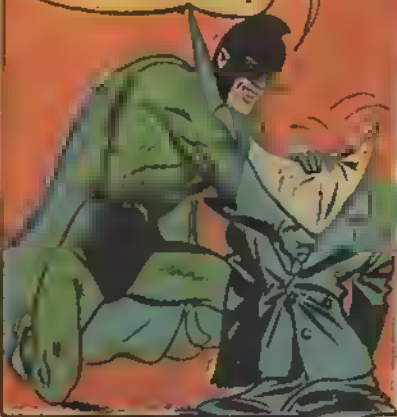
CORRECTION YOU HAD ME



WELL, THEY'VE MET BOB OICKERING. NOW THEY'LL MEET --



THEY'LL BE BREAKING THE
DOOR DOWN ANY MINUTE, AND
I'D JUST AS SOON THEY DIDN'T.
FIND OUT BOB DICKERING IS
THE HANGMAN!



NOW, I'LL JUST
THROW THIS DUMMY
OUT THE WINDOW!



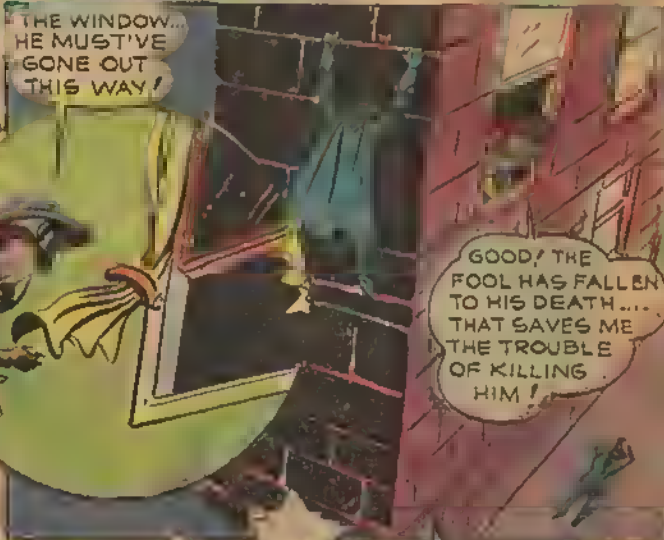
BREAK THE DOOR
DOWN, QUICK! HE
KNOWS TOO MUCH
ALREADY!



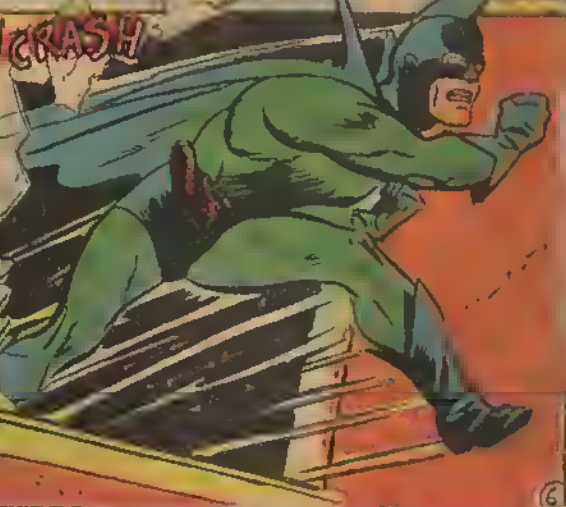
THE WINDOW...
HE MUST'VE
GONE OUT
THIS WAY!



GOOD! THE
FOOL HAS FALLEN
TO HIS DEATH...
THAT SAVES ME
THE TROUBLE
OF KILLING
HIM!

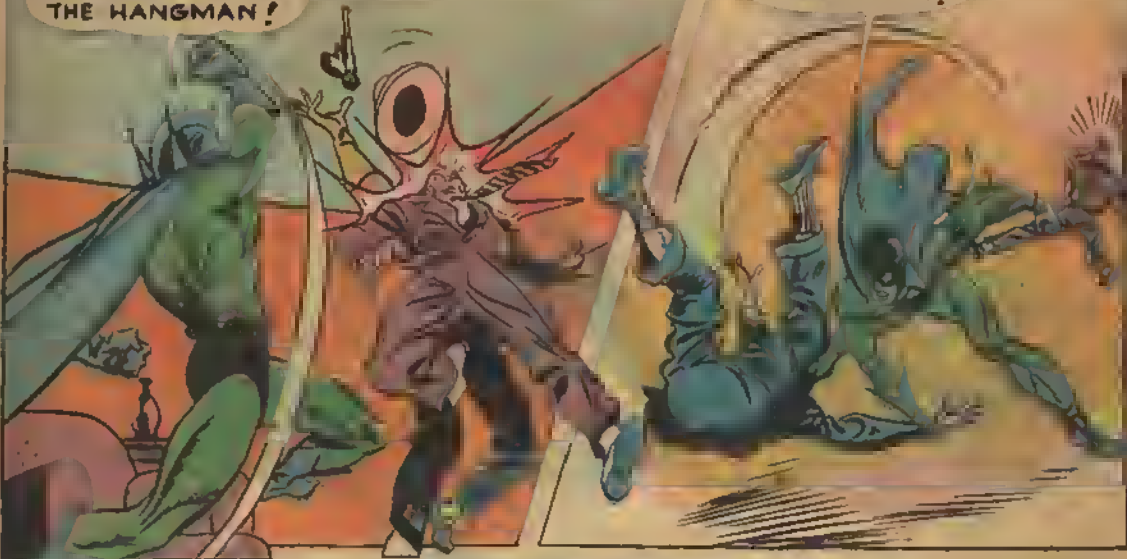


YOU DID NOT THINK WE COULD REACH
YOU IN AMERICA, EH? YOU KNOW
NOW- BUT IT IS TOO LATE --
YOU'LL DO YOUR TALKING
TO THE WORMS!



ALRIGHT, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA
YOU HAVEN'T YET MET
THE HANGMAN!

...SO I'LL INTRODUCE
MYSELF NOW!



PANIC-STRICKEN, ELSA
TAKES ADVANTAGE OF
THE CONFUSION AND
FLEES...

RECOVERING FROM THE
SURPRISE ATTACK CAP-
TAIN SWASTIKA HURLS
HIMSELF AT THE
HANGMAN...

...AND THE MOMENTUM
SENDS THEM HURLING
DOWN THE STAIRS...



A TENANT, ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE
THRUSTS HIS HEAD OUT THE DOOR.

WHAT IN...A FIGHT?
HELP, POLICE!

TRY THE TELEPHONE,
DOPE, YOU'LL GET 'EM
QUICKER THAT WAY!

THE MOMENTARY DISTRACTION IS
ENOUGH TO GIVE CAPT. SWASTIKA
HIS OPPORTUNITY...



AND THE HANGMAN'S HEAD SHATTERS THE RAILING WITH STUNNING FORCE.

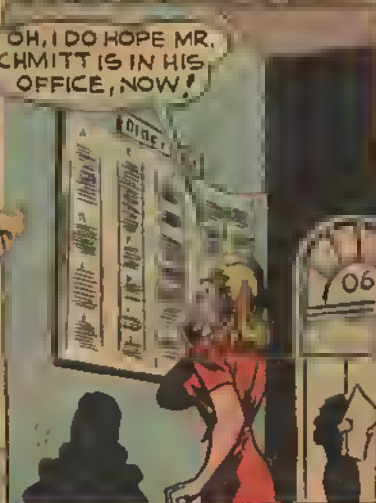


HURRY, MEN. THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE -- I'LL TAKE PROPER CARE OF THE HANGMAN ANOTHER TIME!

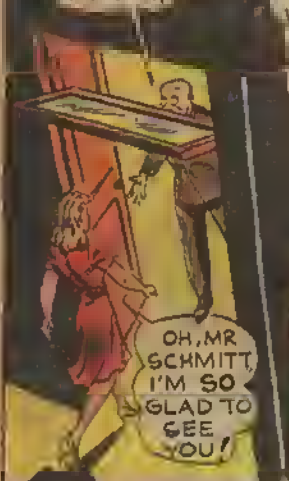


MEAT WHILE WHAT OF FLCA?

OH, I DO HOPE MR. SCHMITT IS IN HIS OFFICE, NOW!



ELSA! ELSA DANCING, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN AMERICA?



OH, MR. SCHMITT, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MY DEAR, YOU ARE TREMBLING. IS SOMETHING WRONG? HOW IS YOUR FATHER?

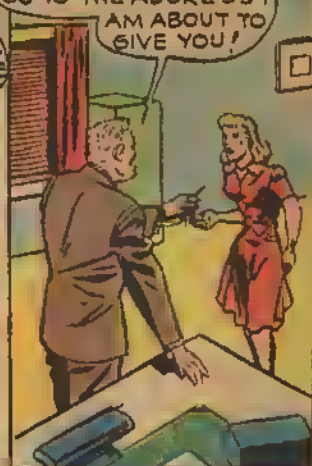


MY FATHER IS IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP. I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE A FRIEND OF HIS IN GERMANY!

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA IS HERE MR. SCHMITT! YOU KNOW WHY, I'VE GOT TO GET TO WASHINGTON AND TELL THEM. HELP ME, PLEASE MY FATHER TRUSTED YOU!



OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU, MY DEAR, I'M A GOOD AMERICAN, MYSELF. HERE, TAKE THESE KEYS AND GO TO THE ADDRESS I AM ABOUT TO GIVE YOU!

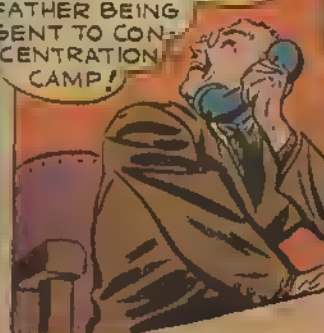


YOU WILL BE SAFE THERE FOR A WHILE. NOW HURRY!



OH, THANK YOU, MR. SCHMITT!

GOOT.. SHE IS GONE.. THE STUPID LITTLE FOOL. IF SHE KNEW THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER FATHER BEING SENT TO CONCENTRATION CAMP!



HELLO, CAPTAIN -- HAVE SWASTIKA SENT SCHMITT HER TO SPEAK OUR HEADQUARTERS GOOD WORK, THE FUHRER SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

SO... AND NOW, THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD'VE SPOILED OUR PLANS WILL SOON BE DISPOSED OF. YOU ARE, INDEED, A CLEVER MAN, HERR SCHMITT. HEIL HITLER!



SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND THE BLOOD OF THE NAZI SPY RUNS COLD AS THE DREAD SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN FLASHES ACROSS HIS FACE - THE SIGN OF THE GALLOWS...



O, MR. SCHMITT, YOU ARE NOT SO CLEVER. BECAUSE IF THAT GIRL IS KILLED - YOU'LL HANG... HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL THE LAST DROP OF AIR IS SQUEEZED FROM YOUR LUNGS?



UNTIL YOUR EYES POP FROM YOUR HEAD - AND YOU ARE DEAD - NOW, WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU SENT THAT GIRL?

Y-YA! Y-YA! I DON'T WANT TO HANG... I'LL TELL!



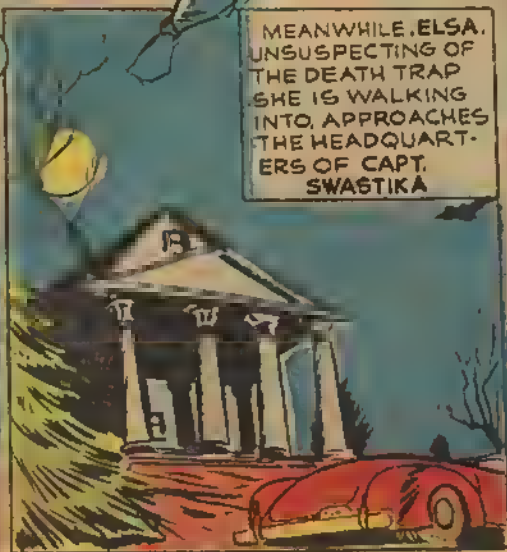
GOOD... AND NOW, I'LL PUT YOU IN COLD STORAGE FOR A WHILE!



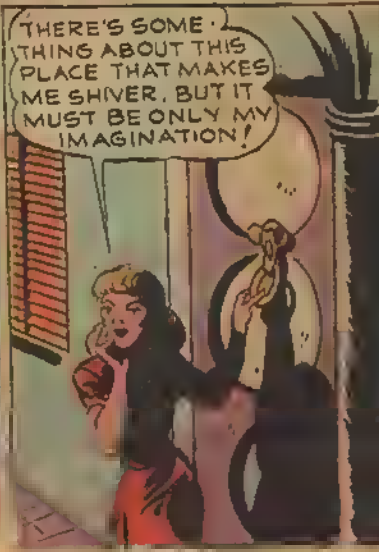
WHEN HE COMES TO HE'LL BE IN THE HOOSEGOW BEFORE HE CAN SAY 'HEIL HITLER'. I'VE CALLED THE POLICE.



MEANWHILE, ELSA, UNSUSPECTING OF THE DEATH TRAP SHE IS WALKING INTO, APPROACHES THE HEADQUARTERS OF CAPT. SWASTIKA



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT MAKES ME SHIVER, BUT IT MUST BE ONLY MY IMAGINATION!

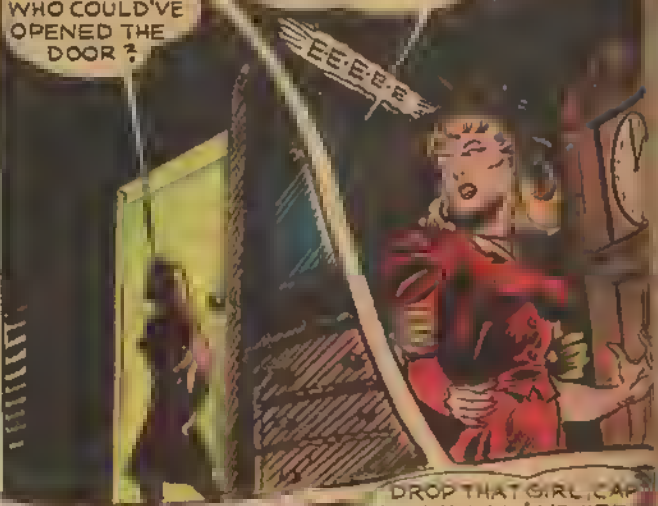


IN RESPONSE TO ELSA'S KNOCK THE DOOR SILENTLY OPENS...



THAT'S FUNNY. NOBODY HERE. WHO COULD'VE OPENED THE DOOR?

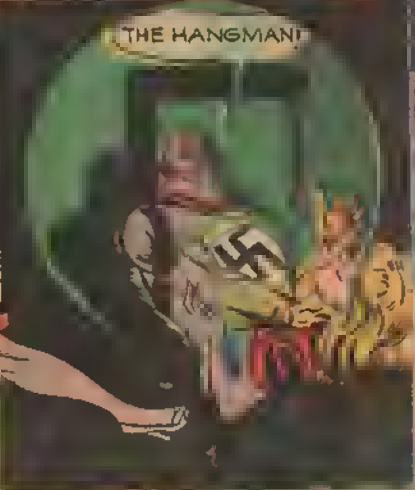
YOUR FRIEND-- CAPT. SWASTIKA!



THIS TIME YOU WON'T SLIP AWAY FROM ME!

ONCE AGAIN, THE GROTESQUE SILHOUETTE OF...

THE HANGMAN!



DROP THAT GIRL, CAP SWASTIKA! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HARM HER!



HANGMAN, YOU ARE CLEVER, YES! BUT THIS TIME YOU WERE TOO CLEVER FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY MY MEN!

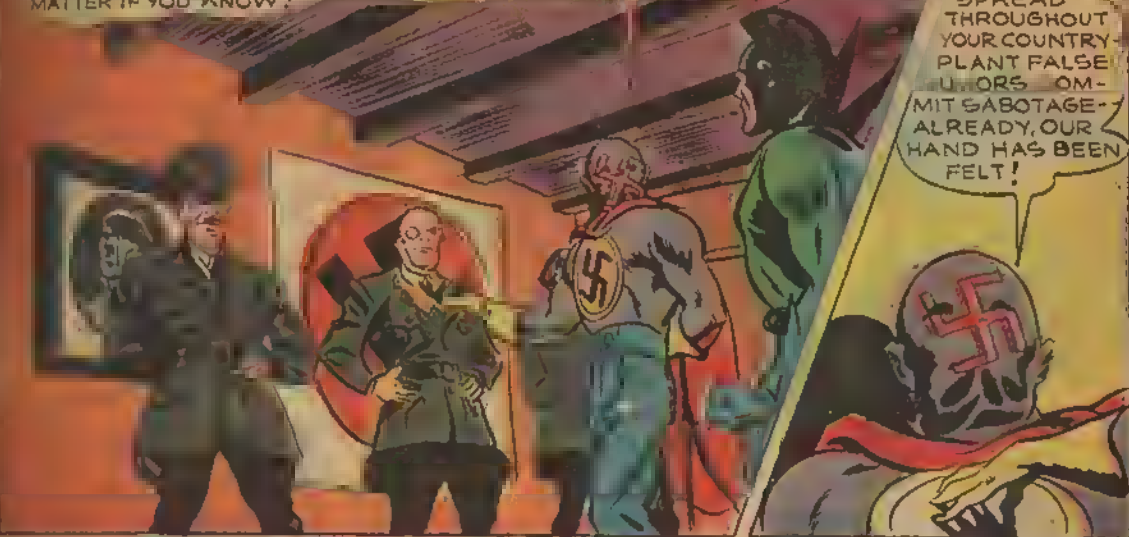
HANGMAN... WHY DID YOU THROW AWAY YOUR LIFE THIS WAY?

SHH... ELSA. STALL FOR TIME. I PHONED THE POLICE BEFORE I CAME.



NOW I SHOW MY CLEVERNESS...THIS IS THE SECRET ELSA WOULD HAVE TOLD YOUR GOVERNMENT-MY LEGION OF THE SWASTIKA! YOU ARE BOTH GOING TO DIE ANYWAY... SO IT DOES NOT MATTER IF YOU KNOW!

MY LEGION WILL SPREAD THROUGHOUT YOUR COUNTRY-PLANT FALSE U. S. BOMBS-OMIT SABOTAGE-ALREADY, OUR HAND HAS BEEN FELT!



WE RELAY INFORMATION TO OUR PLANES, WHICH BOMB YOUR SHIPS AT SEA...

MY MEN DID A PARTICULARLY GOOD JOB ON THAT GIANT SHIP, NOW FIRE-GUTTED.

THOSE STRANGE EXPLOSIONS YES, THE WORK OF CAPT. SWASTIKA'S LEGION.



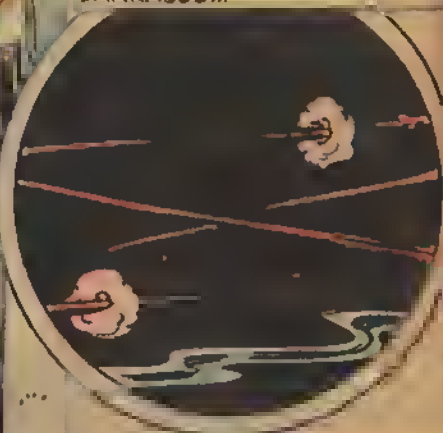
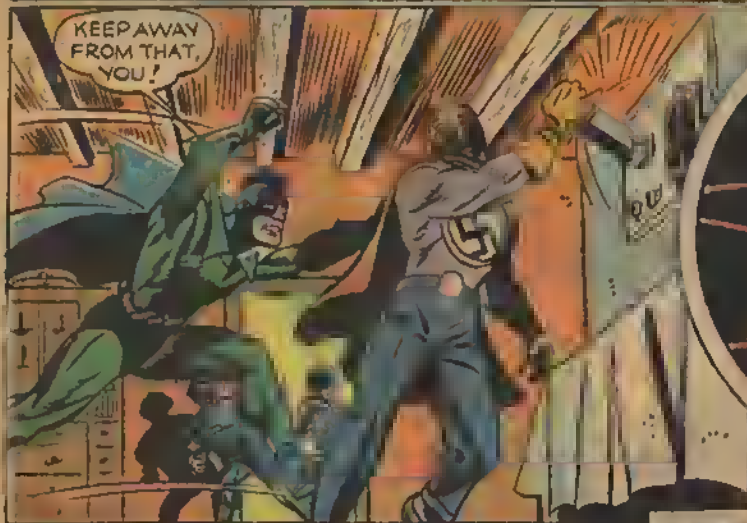
AND WITH YOU TWO OUT OF THE WAY-MY ONLY OBSTACLES TO THE EVENTUAL DESTRUCTION OF YOUR GOVERNMENT ARE REMOVED!

THE HECK THEY ARE UP WITH YOUR HANDS EVERYBODY!



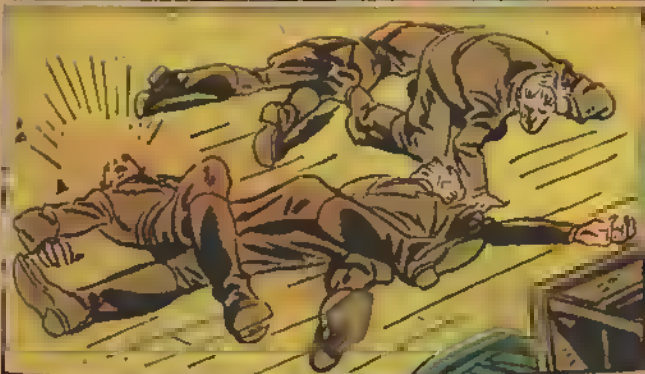
SUDDENLY CAPTAIN SWASTIKA LEAPS FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH...

REVOLVERS SPURT AND PIN-POINTS OF LIGHT STAB THE DARKNESS...



AND WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON AGAIN, THE SCENE IS A SHAMBLES - WITH THE CORPSES OF GESTAPO AGENTS STREWN ALL ABOUT...

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA! HE'S GONE!... AND THE HANGMAN, TOO! BUT WE SURE CLEANED UP THE GESTAPO GANG!



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU'RE NOT LOSING ME SO QUICKLY, CAPT SWASTIKA! I SAW YOU DUCK DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR!

SO! THE HANGMAN THINKS HE CAN CATCH ME! I HAVE ANOTHER TRICK UP MY SLEEVE!



...AS HE SHALL
SOON SEE!
NOW, LET
HIM COME
AROUND
THIS
TURN!

SO EAGER IS THE HANG-
MAN TO CATCH HIS
QUARRY-HE FALLS INTO
THE TRAP AS HE ROUNDS
THE CORNER AT EXPRESS
TRAIN SPEED...

WHAM!


AUF WIEDER-
SEHN, HANG-
MAN...WE
SHALL MEET
AGAIN, AND
THAT DAY
WILL BE YOUR
BLACKEST!

OOW..WHAT
SUCKER I WAS
THAT TIME!

MAYBE I CAN
STILL CATCH HIM!
AH, THERE'S THE
END OF THE
TUNNEL!

NOT A
SIGN OF HIM...
HE SLIPPED
THROUGH MY
FINGERS, ALL
RIGHT!

YES, CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA, WE
WILL MEET
AGAIN...AND
WHEN WE DO-
THERE'LL ONLY BE
ONE OF US LEFT
TO TELL THE
STORY!



THERE GOES
THE CURTAIN
ON ZIP'S
SENSATIONAL
NEW CHARACTER,
STEEL!

YES,
HANGMAN!...
THE ONE THAT
THE BLACK
HOOD'S BEEN
RAVING ABOUT
FOR WEEKS!
BOY, IF HE'S
HALF AS GOOD
AS THEY SAY,
WE'RE IN FOR
A GOOD
SHOW!

SENSATIONAL! SPECTACULAR!

THE

WHO

YOU ARE IN FOR THE

OKAY,
HOLD
YOUR
BREATH,
**BLACK
JACK**
HERE IT
COMES!

IT'S HIGH
TIME, **HOOD**...
BOY, YOU SURE
CAN KEEP A
SECRET! NOW,
I'LL FINALLY
FIND OUT ALL
ABOUT THE
WEB!

WHO IS THE WEB?
WHAT IS THE WEB?
YOU'LL GET THE
ANSWERS IN
JULY ZIP!
DON'T SAY WE
DIDN'T WARN YOU!

"THE WEB" appears in **JULY ZIP**

NEW! DIFFERENT!!!

WEB

IS HE??

SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE!

ROY'S BEEN
SINGING THIS NEW
CHARACTER'S PRAISES
LONG AND LOUD,
SHIELD!

SO HAS THE
WIZARD AND
THAT GUY HASN'T
STEERED ME WRONG,
YET! WE'RE IN FOR A
GREAT SHOW!

OKAY,
WIZARD,
RING UP THE
CURTAIN AND
LET 'ER
RIP!

WE PREDICT
THAT THE
WEB WILL
TAKE THE
NATION BY
STORM!
A NEW
HIGH IN
COMIC EN-
TERTAIN-
MENT!

THE WEB appears in **JULY ZIP**

THE

HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 5

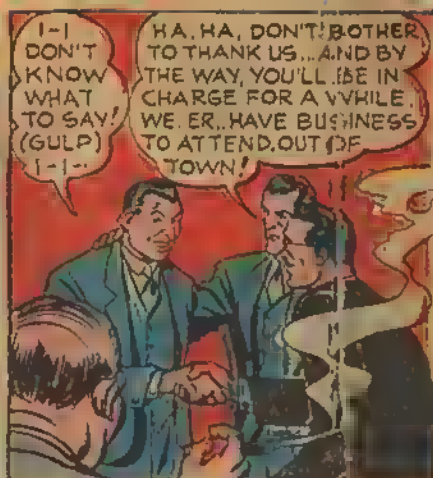
THE CLOCKS
STRIKE DEATH!
CLEVER, HARM-
LESS CLOCKS
DEvised BY
THE TWISTED
BRAIN OF A
CRIMINAL
GENIUS BENT
ON REVENGE
AND MURDER..
THIS IS THE
CLOCKMAKER
OF DEATH!

YES, THE CLOCK
STRIKES DEATH
... BUT CAN IT
ALSO STRIKE
THE SWIFT
RETRIBUTION
OF THE GALLOWS
FOR THE MAD
CLOCKMAKER?
OR ARE THE
THE HANGMAN'S
HOURS ALSO
NUMBERED?
HMMM...
WE WONDER...



LUCY

ALL TALES MUST HAVE A BEGINNING. OURS BEGINS TWENTY YEARS AGO-IN THE OFFICE OF A PROMINENT JEWELRY CONCERN WHERE THE PARTNERS HAVE CALLED IN THEIR AMBITIOUS YOUNG CLERK, JOHN SIMMS!.. MARK THIS DAY WELL! IT IS A DAY TO BE LONG REMEMBERED...



BUT THEN, JOHN RETURNS TO THE OFFICE AND SEES...



ASPEEDY TRIAL-ANDA
SPEEDIER CONVICTION DE-
SPITE JOHN'S PROTEST-
ATIONS OF INNOCENCE, THEN

IT IS OUR POLICY TO ALLOW
THE PRISONERS TO LEARN A
TRADE WHILE THEY'RE HERE..
HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE ?

JOHN GETS HIS CHOICE.. AND
AS THE YEARS PASS, THE
RANKLING BITTERNESS IN
HIS HEART TURNS TO HATRED
AND MAKING CLOCKS BE-
COMES AN OBSESSION...

SIMMS, YOU'RE GOING
TO BE HERE FOR A LONG
TIME. THE BETTER YOU
BEHAVE, THE SOONER
YOU GET OUT !

ES.. I WANT
TO MAKE
CLOCKS !

THE TWENTY YEARS
HAVE WROUGHT A
FEARFUL CHANGE
IN JOHN SIMMS' FACE -
FOR IN IT IS THE LUST
FOR REVENGE - FOR
MURDER !

1922

1925

1932

1934

1939

1935

1942

THEN,
ONE DAY..

YOU'RE FREE.
NOW, JOHN SIMMS
HERE'S A FEW DOLLARS
TO START YOU ON
WHAT I HOPE
WILL BE AN
HONEST CAREER !

THANKS !

FREE.. FREE TO DO AS I
PLEASE. FREE TO
CARRY OUT MY
REVENGE !

LOOK, WARDEN... I
FOUND THIS CLOCK IN
SIMMS' CELL... LOOKS
SCREWY TO ME !

RATHER AN INGEN-
IOUS AFFAIR. I HOPE
HE PUTS HIS TRADE
TO GOOD USE !

FATEFUL, PROPHETIC WORDS...
AND IRONIC ! FOR JOHN SIMMS
INTENDS TO PUT HIS CRAFT OF
CLOCK-MAKING TO AN UNDEAM-
ED OF USE. A CLOCK-MAKER
IS BORN ! A CLOCK-MAKER
OF DEATH !

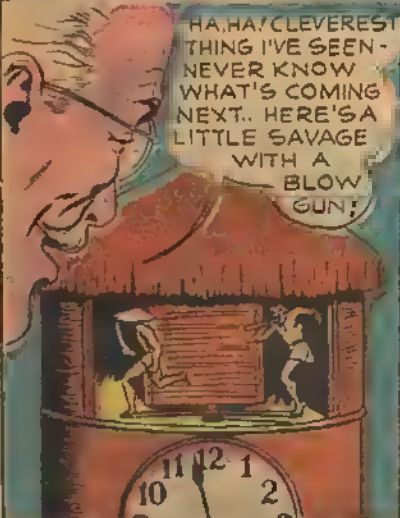
ONE NIGHT, MANY WEEKS LATER IN THE HOME OF GEORGE WHITE, ONE OF JOHN SIMMS' PARTNERS 20 YEARS AGO

A PACKAGE FOR YOU, SIR!

PROBABLY ANOTHER BIRTH-DAY GIFT... HERE LET ME HAVE IT!

IT'S A CLOCK - AN INGENUOUS ONE, TOO! WHO COULD HAVE SENT IT, I WONDER?

OUT ONE TUNNEL, INTO ANOTHER, LITTLE FIGURINES CHASE EACH OTHER, TICKING OFF THE SECONDS...



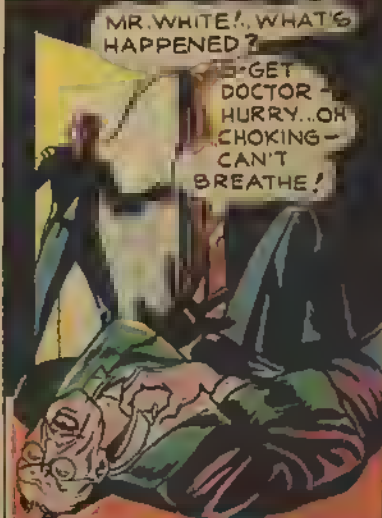
HA, HA! CLEVEREST THING I'VE SEEN - NEVER KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT. HERE'S A LITTLE SAVAGE WITH A BLOW GUN!

SUDDENLY, THE SAVAGE FIGURINE IS SWIVELLED AROUND - IT'S BLOW-PIPE POINTED AT WHITE'S THROAT AND -



MR. WHITE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

GET DOCTOR - HURRY... OH CHOKING - CAN'T BREATHE!



POLICE! I THINK MY MASTER'S DYING. YES I'VE ALREADY CALLED A DOCTOR!



AND WHEN HE SCREAMED YOU CAME RUNNING IMMEDIATELY!

YES, I SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY AT ONCE... THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU!

HOW'S IT LOOK, DOC?

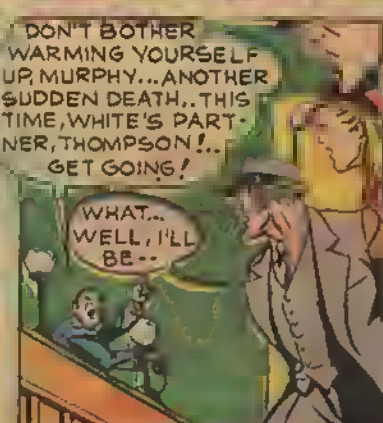
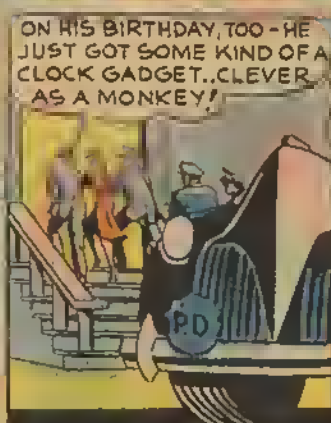
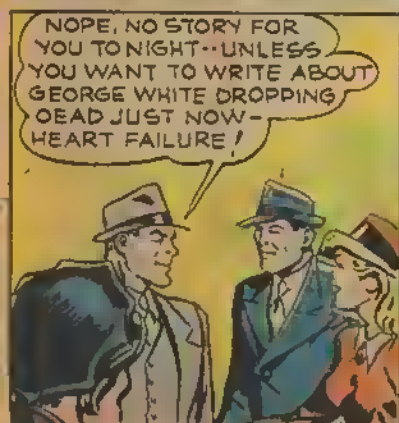
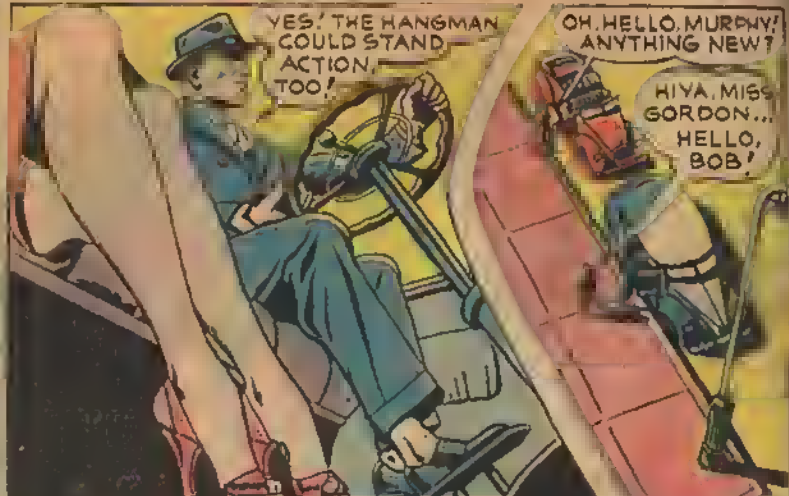
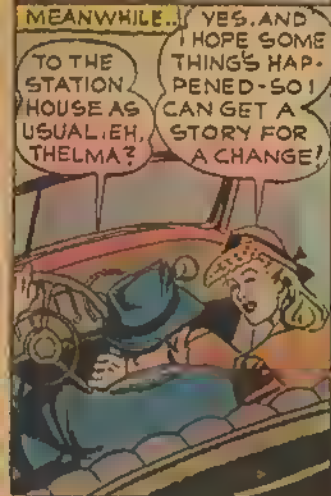
HE'S DEAD!



I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING UNUSUAL IT LOOKS LIKE JUST PLAIN HEART FAILURE TO ME!

OKAY WE'LL BEAT IT. THIS IS NONE OF UR AFFAIR LET'S GO, REILLY!





NOBODY
AROUND! SO
FAR - SO GOOD!

HMM!.. THIS MUST
BE THE CLOCK
MURPHY WAS
TELLING ME
ABOUT!

IT IS A CLEVER
CONTRAPTION AT THAT.
WONDER HOW IT OPER-
ATES?...HMM...LET'S SEE-
THIS KNOB HERE!..

AS THOUGH WARNED
BY SOME INSTINCT
THE HANGMAN
SUDDENLY DUCKS,
AND -

PING

A DART... AND
POISONED, TOO -
UNLESS I MISS
MY GUESS --

SOCK

WHEN THE HANGMAN RECOVERS...

OOHH... MY HEAD! THE
CLOCK! IT'S GONE!
WHDEVER ATTACKED
ME CAME AFTER
THAT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF THOMPSON...

WHAT... HE ALSO SEEMS TO HAVE DIED
OF HEART FAILURE, SAY, IF I GET SENT
OUT ON ANY MORE CALLS LIKE THIS
I'LL DIE OF HEART FAILURE, TOO!

JUST THEN, THE DOOR BELL RINGS...

I'M FROM THE JEWELERS. I WAS SENT TO PICK UP A CLOCK MR. THOMPSON DIDN'T WANT!

MR. THOMPSON IS DEAD!

DEAD. TOO BAD. HOWEVER, THE CLOCK HAS NOT BEEN PAID FOR - AND I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TAKE IT BACK!

WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT AS WELL!

THIS IS IT!

FUNNY, COMING FOR A CLOCK JUST NOW, THERE'S SOME THING ABOUT THAT MAN-I---

MISS GORDON! THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU!

THELMA... THIS IS THE HANGMAN... I'M CALLING FROM WHITE'S HOUSE. MY SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT. HE WAS MURDERED BY A CLOCK!

BY A CLOCK! THAT A COINCIDENCE A MAN JUST PICKED UP A CLOCK HERE!

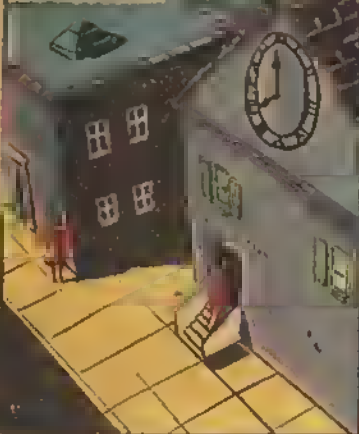
GREAT SCOT... DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT, THEL. FOLLOW HIM AT ONCE - THAT MUST BE THE MURDERER. I SUSPECT THERE GOING TO BE ANOTHER VICTIM. DINKMAN, THE THIRD PARTNER.

GOOD GRIEF! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE. HE'S HAD QUITE A START ON ME!

OH, THERE HE IS, THANK HEAVENS!... NOW, TO SEE WHERE HE GOES!

WONDER WHAT THE HANGMAN MEANT ABOUT THE CLOCK BEING THE INSTRUMENT OF MURDER. WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

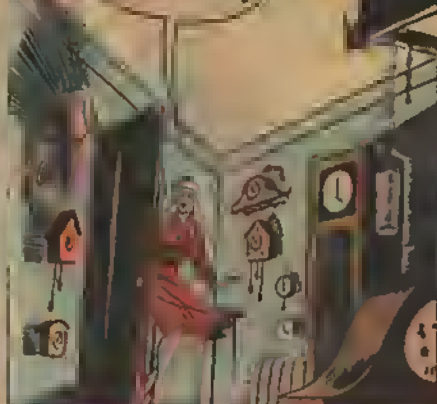
AT LAST THE CLOCKMAKER
ARRIVES AT HIS DESTI-
NATION-A QUANT LOOKING
BUILDING...



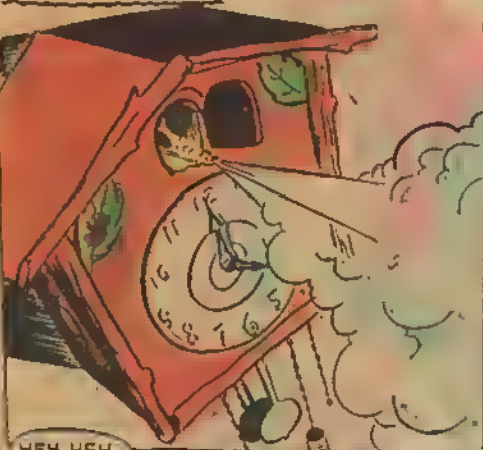
THIS MUST BE HIS
HIDEOUT. I WANT TO
LOOK AROUND!



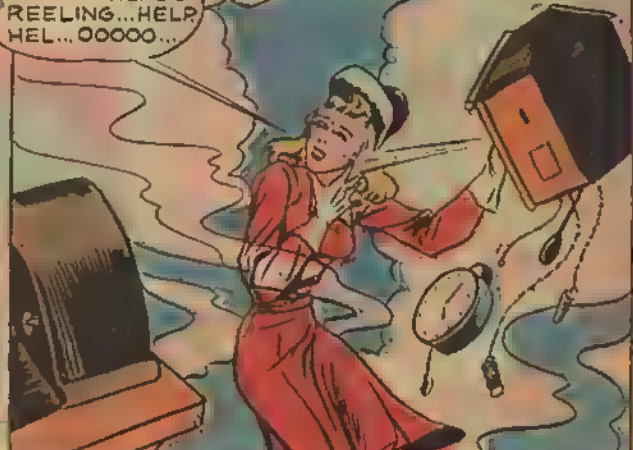
GOOD HEAVENS, LOOK AT
ALL THOSE CLOCKS...THIS
PLACE LOOKS LIKE A
CLOCKMAKER'S
NIGHTMARE!



AS THELMA INVESTIGATES, A CUCKOO
SUDDENLY SHOOTS OUT OF ONE OF THE
CLOCKS, AND...



UGH...GAS!
MY...MY HEAD'S
REELING...HELP
HEL...OOOOO...



HEH. HEH...
FELL RIGHT INTO MY TRAP,
DIDN'T YOU...THOUGHT I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU FOLLOWED
ME!

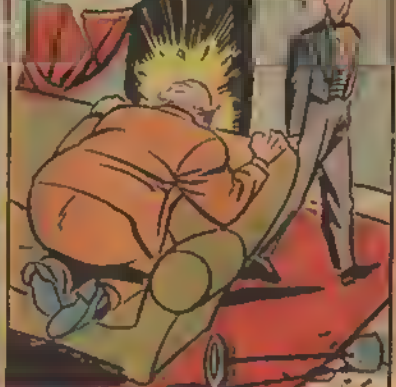


WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, IN
THE HOME OF QINGMAN...

WHITE AND THOMPSON
MURDERED...IT MAY BE MY
TURN NEXT...WHAT CAN I
DO...WH--



ONLY THE
DOOR BELL, SIR-
I'LL ANSWER IT!
WHAT
WAS
THAT-
DAVIS?



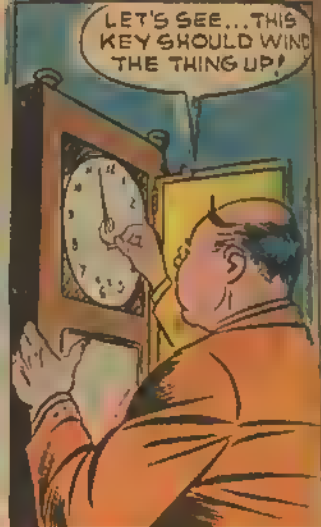


(GULP)
WHAT IS IT
ANYWAY,
DAVIS?

A CLOCK, MASTER...THE
BOY HAD ORDERS TO
DELIVER IT HERE!



A CLOCK? NOW
WHO COULD HAVE
SENT ME THAT?
HMM...A BEAUTY,
TOO!



LET'S SEE...THIS
KEY SHOULD WIND
THE THING UP!

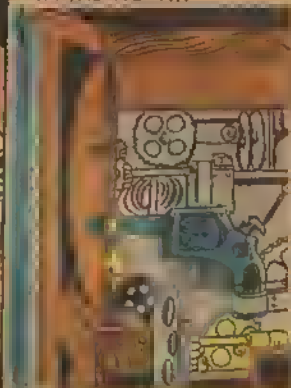


STOP!...DON'T WIND
THAT CLOCK IF YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE!



HERE, I'LL
WIND IT FOR
YOU AND SHOW
YOU WHY!

AS THE HANGMAN
WINDS THE CLOCK,
THERE IS A SOFT
WHIRRING OF INTRI-
CATE MACHINERY
IN MOTION...



NOW STAND BACK
AND WE'LL SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!



THERE IS A SHARP
REPORT AND A
BULLET SPURTS FROM
A HOLE IN THE FACE
OF THE CLOCK.



WHO SENT YOU
THAT CLOCK?

!...(GULP)...DON'T KNOW...
THAT BOY JUST BROUGHT
IT HERE!

OUR CLOCK-
DELIVERING
FRIEND SEEMS
TO BE IN A HURRY!

WELL, SO AM I - IN A
HURRY TO FIND OUT
WHAT YOU KNOW
ABOUT
THIS!

THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE... IT'S
GOING TO BE AROUND YOUR
THROAT SOON. YOU'RE GOING
TO HANG FOR THESE MURDERS -
DO YOU HEAR ME?, HANG!

NO-NO... I DIDN'T
MURDER ANY-
BODY!

A MAN CALLED ME INTO HIS
SHOP AND GAVE ME A CLOCK TO
DELIVER... THAT'S
ALL I KNOW ABOUT
IT - HONEST!

HMM - YOU LOOK
A LITTLE TOO
STUPID AT THAT.
WHAT'S THE
ADDRESS OF
THIS CLOCK-
MAKER?

MAYBE IT WAS THE CLOCK-
MAKER THAT THELMA
FOLLOWED - I BETTER
GET TO THAT
ADDRESS -
FAST!

AT THAT MOMENT THELMA
RECOVERS TO FIND HER-
SELF IN A BIZARRE PRISON..

HA, CONSCIOUS AGAIN -
GOOD.... NOW YOU WILL
HAVE A CHANCE TO
RECOGNIZE MY
GENIUS BEFORE
YOU DIE!

DEATH IN AN
HOUR GLASS -
KILLED BY THE
SANDS OF TIME..
MY DEATH WEAPON.
SEE, MY DEAR,
I RELEASE THE
SAND INTO THE
TOP OF MY
HOUR -
GLASS -
GO!

SOON, ALL OF
IT WILL TRICKLE
THROUGH AND
COVER YOU
FROM HEAD
TO FOOT!

TIME..TIME IS
MY WEAPON OF
DEATH...A VERY
INGENIOUS
WEAPON-
IS IT NOT?

THEY PUT ME IN A RIGON...
TRIED TO KILL ME WITH
TIME -BUT I TURNED THE
TABLES...I..WH...WHA...
THE HANGMAN!

YES- THE
HANGMAN-
YOU'VE HAD
YOUR HOUR,
MURDERER!

NOW, THE
HANGMAN
SHALL HAVE
HIS!

THERE IS ONE HOUR YOU
OVERLOOKED- THE HOUR
OF RETRIBUTION. THE LAST
HOUR ON EARTH BEFORE
YOU WALK TO THE
GALLOWS!

LOOK...THE GIRL-
THE SANDS WILL
SOON SUFFOCATE
HER!

GOOD
LORD! HE'S
RIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO
BREAK IT OPEN.
GET HER OUT...
BUT HOW?...
THIS CLOCK...
IT HAS
CHIMES!

THE HANGMAN
REACHES INTO THE
CLOCK- RIPS OFF
ONE OF THE BRASS
CHIMES...

CRASH



EASY, THELMA!
I'LL HAVE YOU
OUT OF HERE
IN A MINUTE!



I'M ALL
RIGHT, NDW,
HANGMAN...
BUT LOOK-
THE CLOCK-
MAKER! HE'S
ESCAPING!

I'M GOING
AFTER HIM -
YOU STAY
RIGHT
HERE!



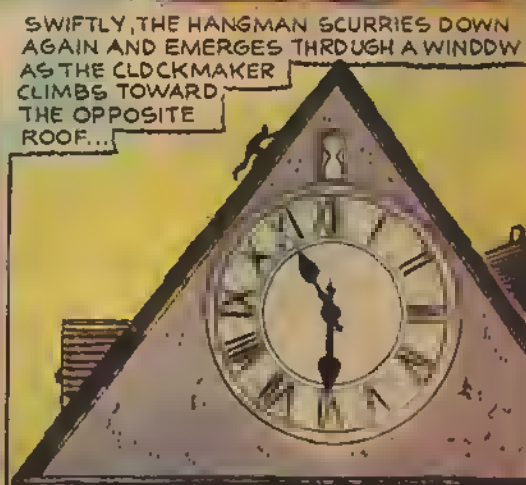
THE ROOF...
IF I CAN GET
THERE FIRST
HE'LL NEVER
CATCH ME!



DESPERATION
LENDING WINGS TO
THE CLOCK MAKER'S
HEELS AND HE
ARRIVES AT
THE ROOF
FIRST...



AND QUICKLY BOLTS THE
DOOR FROM THE OUT-
SIDE...

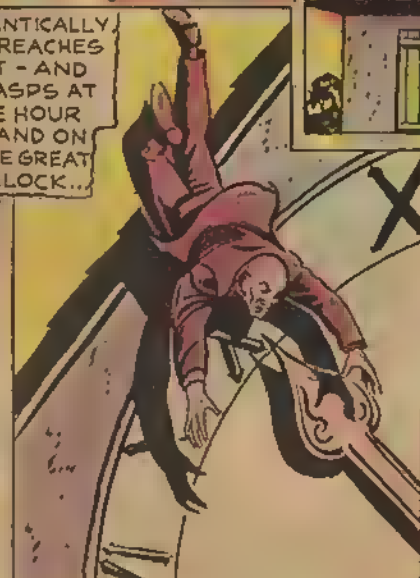


SWIFTLY, THE HANGMAN SCURRIES DOWN
AGAIN AND EMERGES THROUGH A WINDOW
AS THE CLOCKMAKER
CLIMBS TOWARD
THE OPPOSITE
ROOF...

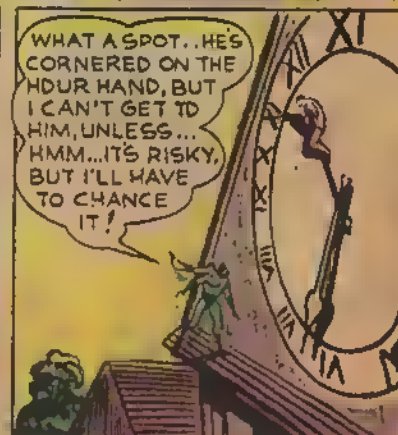


AND SLIPS...

AAEEEE



FRANTICALLY
HE REACHES
OUT - AND
GRASPS AT
THE HOUR
HAND ON THE
GREAT CLOCK...

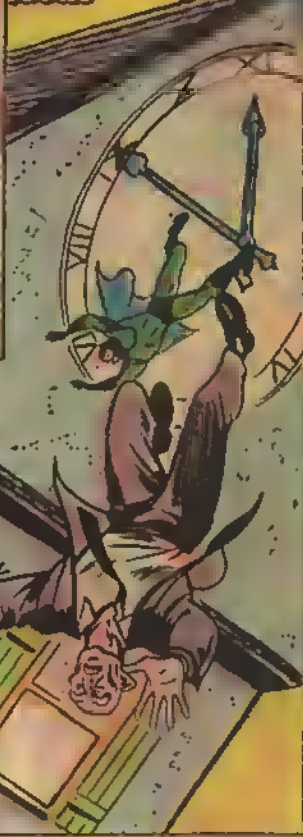
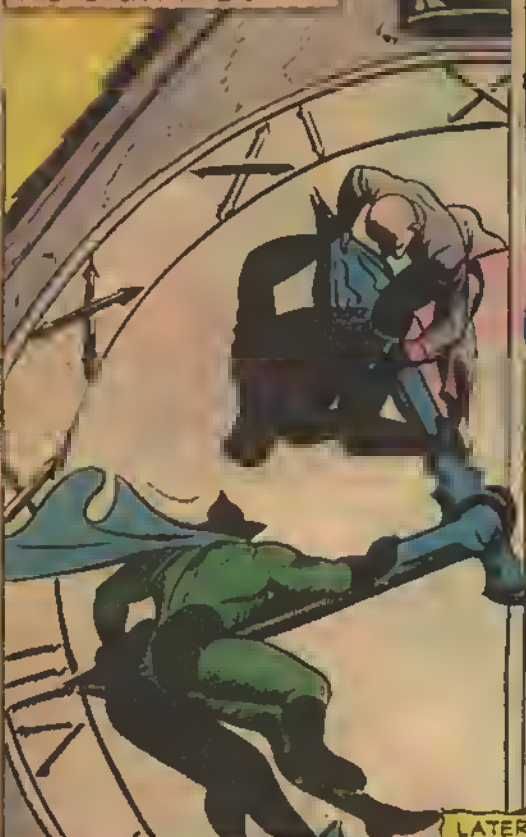


WHAT A SPOT... HE'S
CORNERED ON THE
HOUR HAND, BUT
I CAN'T GET TO
HIM, UNLESS...
HMM... IT'S RISKY,
BUT I'LL HAVE
TO CHANCE
IT!

HANGING ONTO THE MINUTE HAND, THE HANGMAN IS SLOWLY DRAWN TOWARD THE CLOCK-MAKER...

WHO LAGHES OUT FURIOUSLY IN AN EFFORT TO DISLODGE HIM...

...AND SUCCEEDS, BUT ALSO LOSES HIS OWN GRIP IN THE PROCESS, AND...

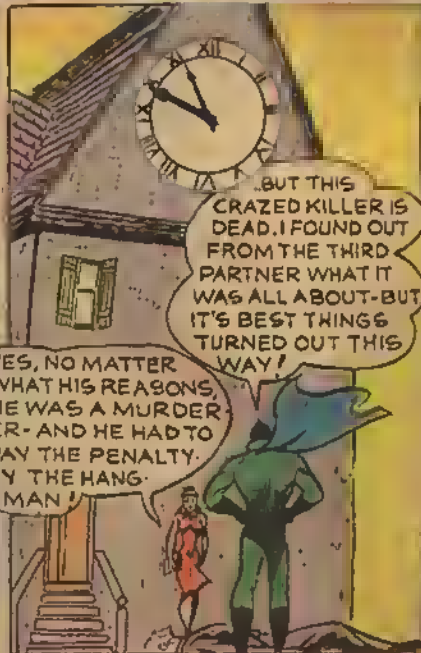
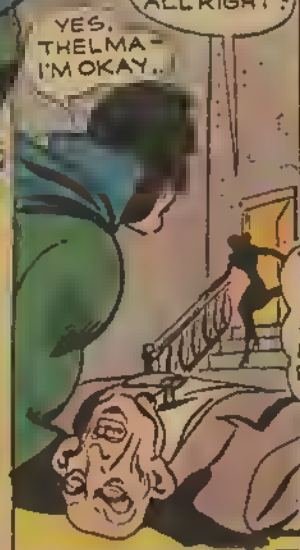


DEFTLY, THE HANGMAN GRABS THE LEDGE - HANGS ON DESPERATELY...

LATER, WHEN THE HANGMAN DESCENDS...

HANGMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, THELMA - I'M OKAY...



BUT THIS CRAZED KILLER IS DEAD. I FOUND OUT FROM THE THIRD PARTNER WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT - BUT IT'S BEST THINGS TURNED OUT THIS WAY!

YES, NO MATTER WHAT HIS REASONS, HE WAS A MURDERER - AND HE HAD TO PAY THE PENALTY. BY THE HANGMAN!

THE HANGMAN

ring + woolfolk

DEATHS FUNERALS

Death Notices

Atta J. Parks
Mrs. Atta J. Parks, 74, of 1015 N. 1st St., died at her home, 1015 N. 1st St., at 10:15 p.m. on Monday, April 1, 1935. She was born in 1861 in Iowa. She was a member of the Methodist church. She was survived by her husband, J. H. Parks, and two children, J. H. Parks, Jr., and J. H. Parks, Sr.

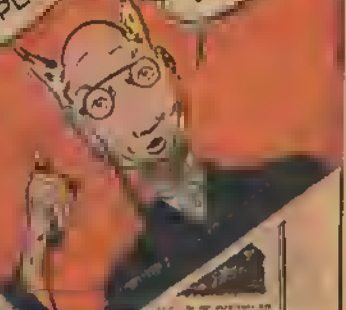
Thomas Patterson
The body of Mr. Thomas Patterson, 31, was removed to the funeral home of J. H. Patterson, 1015 N. 1st St., at 10:15 p.m. on Monday, April 1, 1935. He was born in 1904 in Iowa. He was a member of the Methodist church. He was survived by his wife, J. H. Patterson, and two children, J. H. Patterson, Jr., and J. H. Patterson, Sr.

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THE HANGMAN MEETS HIS GREATEST FOE IN THE RABBIT, THE MEEK LITTLE PROFESSOR WHOSE CURIOUS HOBBY IS WRITING OBITUARIES... AND MAKING THEM COME TRUE! READ ON AND DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!

STORY OPENS AS PROFESSOR LAYS LECTURING TO A UNIVERSITY CLASS ON HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT—PREDICTIONS.....

TODAY WE LAUGH AT THE IDEA OF PROPHECY BUT SOME MEN CAN FORETELL WHAT WILL HAPPEN TOMORROW AS EASILY AS ORDINARY PEOPLE REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY!



Undertakers

MAY I ASK A QUESTION, PROFESSOR HARE? IF IT'S POSSIBLE, AS YOU SAY, TO TELL WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TOMORROW...

THEN WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHO'S GOING TO WIN THE BIG GAME WITH TECH...IT'LL SAVE THE TEAM THAT'S GOING TO LOSE THE TROUBLE OF PLAYING!

I BET THAT'LL STUMP OLD RABBIT HEAD... WATCH THIS, MARY!



PROFESSOR, LOOK! YOU'RE CASTING A SHAD. OW.. HA, HA, HA!

IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A RABBIT, HA, HA

SHH. PLEASE! DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE! DEAN GRAY'S OFFICE IS JUST DOWN THE HALL!



PROFESSOR HARE, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU ALONE A MOMENT?

ER...YES INDEED, DEAN GRAY!

THE DEAN LOOKS PLENTY MAD, BILLY...I'LL BET HE GIVES OLD RABBIT-HEAD THE DICKENS!



...AND REMEMBER, HARE, THE NEXT SUCH OUTBURST IN YOUR CLASSES WILL BE THE LAST!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR!



INCIDENTALLY, SEVERAL
OF YOUR OLD STUDENTS
WILL BE AT THE ALUMNI
MEETING TONIGHT.....I'LL
EXPECT YOU AT EIGHT
O'CLOCK SHARP!

YES,
SIR!

BOB DICKERING
IN HIS ROOMS
READS AN INVITATION
TO THE
ALUMNI MEETING...

TENTH REUNION...
IT DOESN'T SEEM
THAT LONG SINCE
I LEFT COLLEGE!

I WONDER IF PROFESSOR
HARE IS STILL THERE...
THE WAY WE USED TO
LAUGH AT HIS CRAZY
PREDICT-
TIONS!

IT MIGHT BE FUN
TO SEE SOME OF
THE OLD GANG!....
I THINK I'LL DROP
IN ON THAT
MEETING!

THAT NIGHT

PROFESSOR HARE IS
READING LATE IN HIS
LIBRARY...

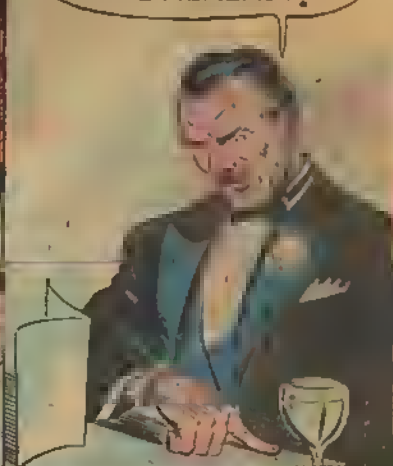
NOSTRADAMUS... WHAT AMAZING
INSIGHT INTO THE FUTURE
HE HAO!

GOOONES!
EIGHT O'CLOCK-
I'LL BE LATE
FOR THE ALUM-
NI MEETING!

AT THE ALUMNI MEETING DEAN GRAY IS IMPATIENTLY AWAITING PROFESSOR HARE'S ARRIVAL...



HALF PAST EIGHT! HARE'S HALF AN HOUR LATE ALREADY!



THIS WAY, PROF. HARE! THE OTHERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

OH DEAR, I HOPE DEAN GRAY ISN'T TOO ANGRY WITH ME!



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, HARE. SIT DOWN HERE AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE!

ME? ARE YOU SURE YOU MEAN ME?



GIVE US A TOAST, HONOR, MY OLD PROFESSOR, ERNEST HARE AND HIS PREDICTIONS... DRINK UP, GENTLEMEN!

OH DEAR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!



HARE CERTAINLY HAD THINGS FIGURED OUT RIGHT FOR ME..... ONCE HE CAUGHT ME SMOKING IN CLASS, AND HE SAID TOBACCO WOULD BE MY RUIN!



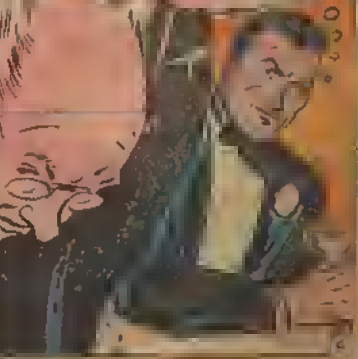
AND I'VE MADE MY FORTUNE THROUGH THE MANUFACTURE OF TOBACCO - SOME PREDICTION, EH, HARE?

THAT'S WHY THEY BROUGHT ME HERE TO MAKE FUN OF

THAT'S A GOOD ONE - HA, HA!



I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, OR I WOULDN'T HAVE COME. HARE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING IT EITHER!



I, TOO, WANT TO THANK
PROFESSOR HARE FOR
HIS PREDICTION
ABOUT ME...



SPEAK UP,
DEVERE!

HE SAID THAT MY HIGH STRUNG,
ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT WOULD
BE THE OATH OF ME - INSTEAD
IT HAS MADE ME A FAMOUS
ARTIST!



HOW DO
YOU EXPLAIN
THAT ONE,
HARE?

I CAN'T STAND THIS!
THEY SHOULDN'T
MAKE FUN OF ME!
WHY DOESN'T
SOMEONE
STOP
THEM?



HARE!
HARE!...
HAVE YOU
GONE MAD?



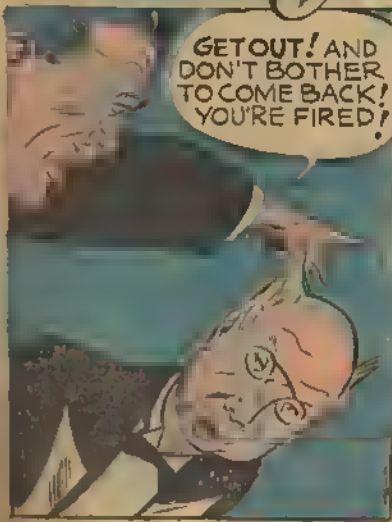
LAUGH, LAUGH, IF YOU WANT
TO!... SINCE THE BEGINNING
OF TIME, MEN HAVE ALWAYS
LAUGHED AT THINGS THEY DID
NOT UNDERSTAND! WAIT AND
SEE - MY PREDICTIONS
ABOUT MARCUS AND
DEVERE WILL
YET COME
TRUE!



THAT'S ENOUGH! THIS
TIME YOU'VE GONE
TOO FAR!...
I WARNED
YOU, HARE!



GET OUT! AND
DON'T BOTHER
TO COME BACK!
YOU'RE FIRED!



IN SULLEN, UNNATUR-
AL SILENCE HARE
LEAVES...



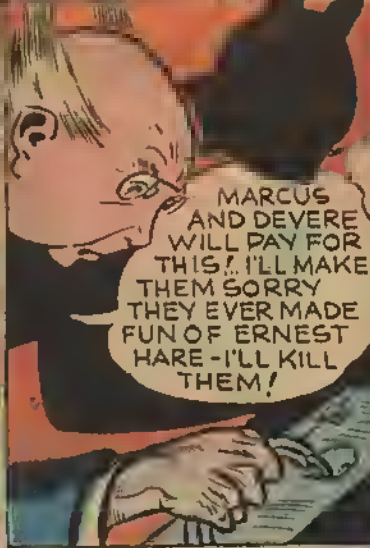
BOB DICKERING WATCHES
FROM A DOORWAY...

POOR FELLOW! HE
DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!
HE'S GOING TO NEED
SOMEONE TO
CHEER HIM UP...
AND I GUESS
I'M ELECTED!

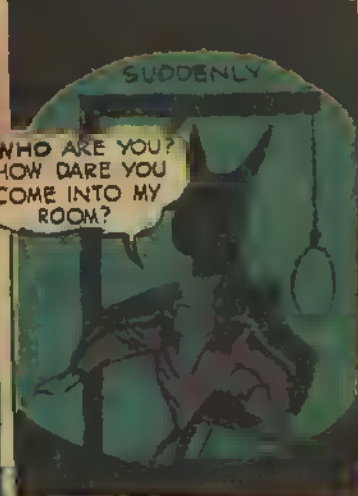


IN HIS ROOMS, A DIFFERENT ERNEST HARE. GRIM, RESOLVED, GOES ON WITH HIS PACKING...

LAUGH, WILL THEY? I'LL SHOW THEM WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH!



MARCUS AND DEVERE WILL PAY FOR THIS. I'LL MAKE THEM SORRY THEY EVER MADE FUN OF ERNEST HARE - I'LL KILL THEM!



WHO ARE YOU? HOW DARE YOU COME INTO MY ROOM?



I'VE COME AS YOUR FRIEND, HARE TO WARN YOU... YOU HAVE GOOD REASON TO BE ANGRY...

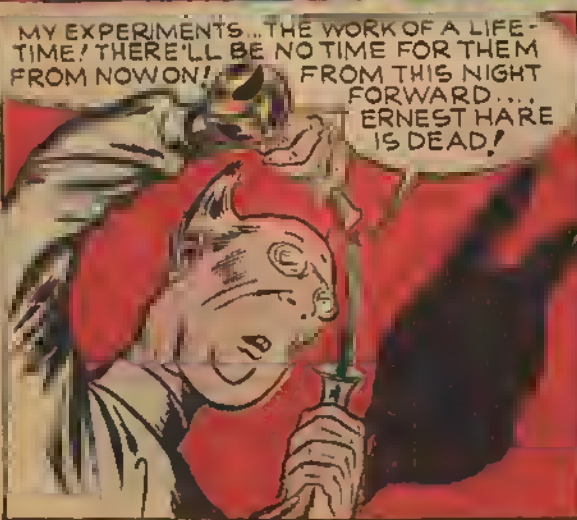


BUT MURDER IS NEVER JUSTIFIED UNDER ANY CONDITIONS... REMEMBER, HARE, IT'S A SHORT STEP FROM MURDER TO THE GALLOWS!

GET OUT! YOU HEAR ME - GET OUT!



HE'S GONE!



MY EXPERIMENTS... THE WORK OF A LIFE-TIME! THERE'LL BE NO TIME FOR THEM FROM NOW ON! FROM THIS NIGHT FORWARD... ERNEST HARE IS DEAD!



RABBIT, THEY CALLED ME! VERY WELL THEN.. RABBIT I SHALL BE, AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH MEN WILL LEARN TO FEAR THE VERY SOUND OF MY NAME!

A FEW DAYS LATER
IN THE APARTMENT
OF MARCUS, THE
TOBACCO MANU-
FACTURER...

FLOWERS FOR YOU
SIR, FROM ONE
SIGNED, THE
RABBIT!

A FUNERAL WREATH-
WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS?

IN THE
MORNING PAPER,
SIR, THEY PRINTED
YOUR OBITUARY!

HELLO, ARE YOU THE
EDITOR? MY NAME IS
MARCUS... WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF PRINT-
ING MY OBITUARY IN
YOUR PAPER? GOOD
LORD, DO I SOUND
LIKE A DEAD MAN?

EVEN AS HE SPEAKS,
MARCUS FALTERS, HIS
VOICE BECOMES A
WHISPER-AND THEN....

JERVIS...
THAT CIGAR
...I'VE BEEN
POISONED!

HELLO! HELLO! YES,
MR. MARCUS IS DEAD!
HE JUST DIED... HE'S
BEEN POISONED!

BOB DICKERING
READS THE ACCOUNT
OF MARCUS'
STRANGE DEATH...

JUST AS
PROF. HARE
PREDICTED... HE
DIED FROM TO-
BACCO! THIS
IS WORTH
LOOKING
INTO!

AT THELMA'S NEWSPAPER
OFFICE...

THELMA, CAN I HAVE
A LOOK AT YOUR LATEST
BATCH OF OBITUARIES?

CERTAINLY, BOB. WHAT'S
THE MATTER? EXPECTING
SOME RICH UNCLE TO DIE
AND LEAVE YOU A
MILLION DOLLARS?

THAT ONE CAME IN
THIS MORNING. A
FUNNY
LITTLE
MAN
ASKED
TO
HAVE
IT PUT
INTO MOR-
ROW'S
PAPER!

IT'S SIGNED
"THE RABBIT"

THELMA, LISTEN TO THIS...
HENRY DEVERE, ARTIST,
DIED SUDDENLY... I'LL
BET DEVERE'S NO MORE
DEAD THAN I AM!



HELLO, IS THAT YOU,
DEVERE?... I THOUGHT
SO! NOW, LISTEN CARE-
FULLY... DON'T GO OUT
OF YOUR ROOMS! DON'T
SEE ANYONE UNTIL I
GET
THERE!



WHAT'S THAT...
YOU SAY? SOME-
ONE'S TRYING
TO MURDER
ME! I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



ALL RIGHT, BOB,
IF YOU SAY SO, I'LL
WAIT UNTIL YOU
COME!



BOB DICKERING
ISN'T THE EXCIT-
ABLE SORT... I
WONDER... WHY
SHOULD ANY-
ONE WANT
TO KILL
ME?



THIS WAITING'S BE-
GINNING TO GET ON
MY NERVES. I'LL HAVE
TO GET HOLD OF MY-
SELF... I'D BETTER DO
SOME PAINTING!



DEVERE THROWS BACK
THE DRAPE FROM HIS
EASEL AND...



A DEATH'S
HEAD!...
GOOD
HEAVENS!
THE MURDERER
MUST BE HERE,
IN THIS HOUSE!

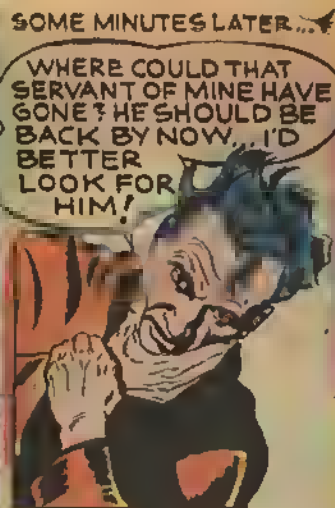


ROGER!
COME HERE
AT ONCE!





ROGER. LOCK ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS! HURRY, MAN, DON'T STAND THERE GAPING AT ME!



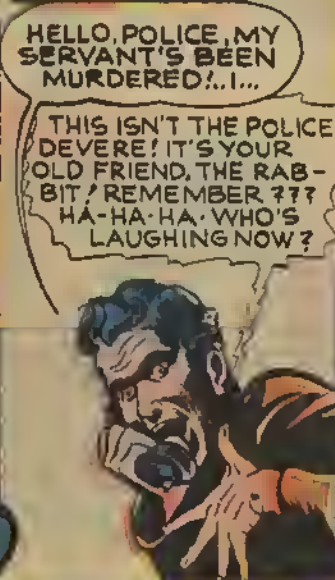
SOME MINUTES LATER...
WHERE COULD THAT SERVANT OF MINE HAVE GONE? HE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW... I'D BETTER LOOK FOR HIM!



ROGER! ROGER! WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER?



OHH!



HELLO, POLICE, MY SERVANT'S BEEN MURDERED!... I...
THIS ISN'T THE POLICE, DEVERE! IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND, THE RABBIT! REMEMBER??? HA-HA-HA... WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?



I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY ROOM - I'LL BE SAFE THERE!



AS HE REACHES THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, DEVERE TURNS...

NO! IT CAN'T BE! DON'T COME NEAR ME, DON'T!

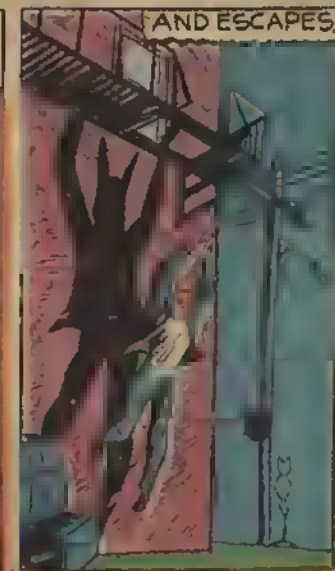
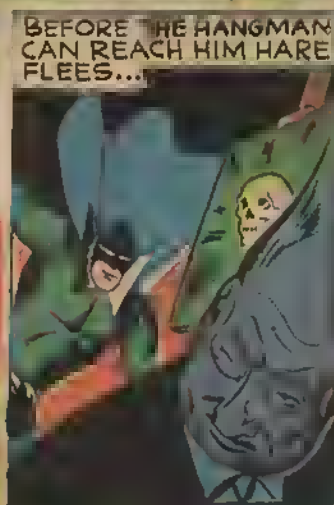


TERROR-STRIKEN, DEVERE BACKS TOWARD THE STAIRCASE...



HE STUMBLES... LOSES HIS BALANCE AND...

HELP!



FLEET AS HIS NAMESAKE, THE RABBIT, THE PROFESSOR OUT-DISTANCES HIS PURSUER...



THE CHASE LEADS THROUGH UNIVERSITY GROUNDS...



THERE HE GOES! I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED THIS TIME!



AS THE HANGMAN ENTERS THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE.....



I'LL TAKE THE STAIRS! HE WON'T GET AWAY!

THE INDICATORS STOPPED. HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT ON THAT FLOOR!



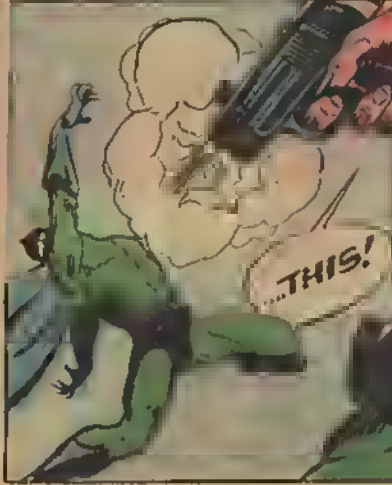
THE HANGMAN SEES A LIGHT BURNING IN A CLASSROOM, BURSTS IN AND...



GOT YOU AT LAST!

THE HANGMAN!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, NOT WHILE I STILL HAVE.....



...THIS!

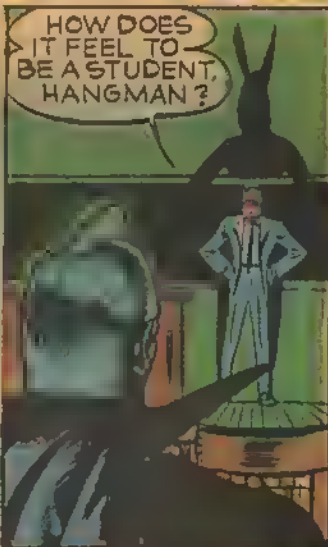
THE BULLET ONLY CREASED HIM. HE'S STILL ALIVE BUT I'LL SOON TAKE CARE OF THAT!



CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE HANGMAN AND HE DISCOVERS THAT HE IS BOUND SECURELY TO A CHAIR IN THE CLASSROOM...

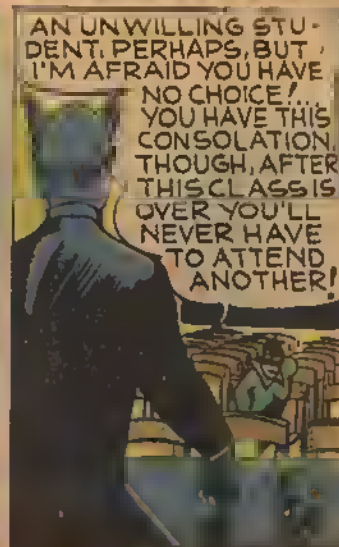


HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A STUDENT, HANGMAN?

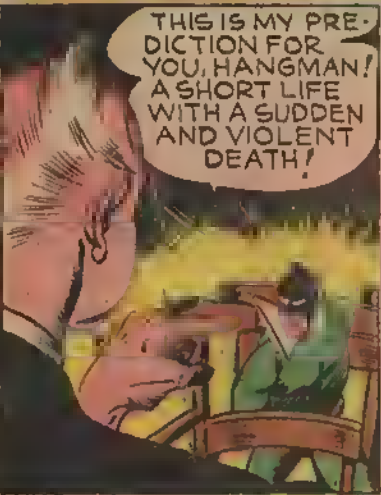


AN UNWILLING STUDENT, PERHAPS, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!

YOU HAVE THIS CONSOLATION, THOUGH, AFTER THIS CLASS IS OVER YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO ATTEND ANOTHER!



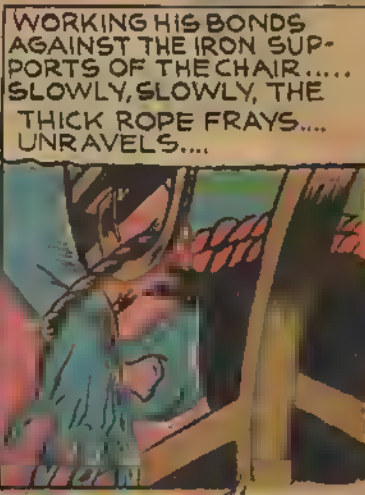
THIS IS MY PREDICTION FOR YOU, HANGMAN! A SHORT LIFE WITH A SUDDEN AND VIOLENT DEATH!



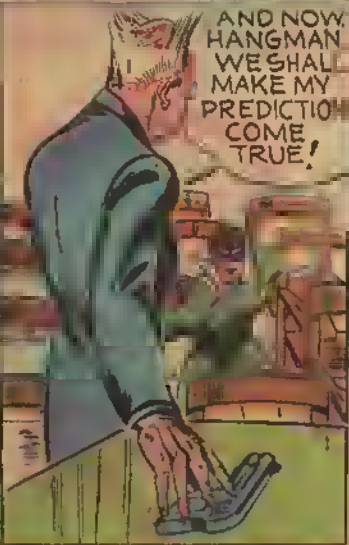
THE HANGMAN FRANTICALLY TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF.



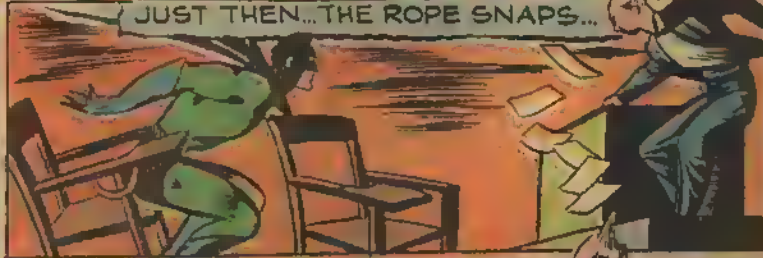
WORKING HIS BONDS AGAINST THE IRON SUPPORTS OF THE CHAIR.... SLOWLY, SLOWLY, THE THICK ROPE FRAYS.... UNRAVELS....



AND NOW, HANGMAN, WE SHALL MAKE MY PREDICTION COME TRUE!



JUST THEN...THE ROPE SNAPS...




I'M COMING AFTER YOU, HARE!

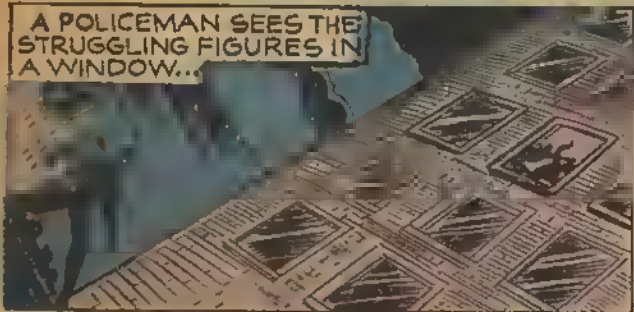


A close-up of Batman and Hare in a physical struggle. Batman is on the left, wearing his mask and blue suit, holding Hare. Hare is on the right, wearing a green suit and a white mask, holding a gun. Batman is shouting.

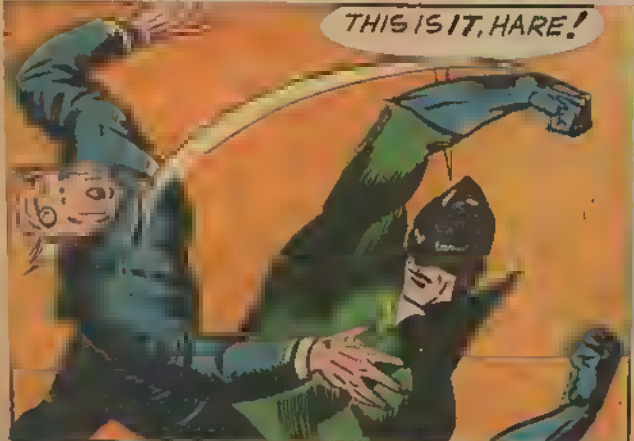
YOU'VE
MADE YOUR LAST
PREDICTION!

Hare is shown from the chest up, driving the gun forward with a determined expression. The background is a bright orange-yellow.


THE HANGMAN
DRIVES THE
GUN FROM
HARE'S HAND
WITH A SHAT-
TERING BLOW.

A police officer in a blue uniform is looking out of a window. The view outside shows a city street with a car and a building.

A POLICEMAN SEES THE
STRUGGLING FIGURES IN
A WINDOW...

Batman and Hare are in a struggle. Hare is on the left, wearing a green suit and a white mask, holding Batman. Batman is on the right, wearing his mask and blue suit, holding Hare.


THIS IS IT, HARE!

Batman is on the left, wearing his mask and blue suit, holding Hare. Hare is on the right, wearing a green suit and a white mask, holding a gun. Batman is shouting.

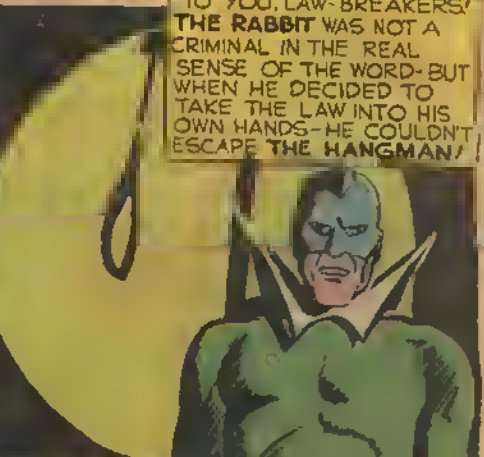
AND NOW I'VE GOT
A PREDICTION FOR
YOU, HARE. YOU'VE
COME TO THE END OF
YOUR ROPE. NOW
THERE'S ANOTHER
KIND OF ROPE WAIT-
ING FOR YOU...

Batman and Hare are in a struggle. Hare is on the left, wearing a green suit and a white mask, holding Batman. Batman is on the right, wearing his mask and blue suit, holding Hare.

THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!

A police officer in a blue uniform is looking out of a window. The view outside shows a city street with a car and a building.

THE POLICE!... SEE PROFESSOR,
MY PREDICTION IS COMING
TRUE ALREADY!

Hare is shown from the chest up, driving the gun forward with a determined expression. The background is a bright orange-yellow.

LET THIS BE A WARNING
TO YOU, LAW-BREAKERS!
THE RABBIT WAS NOT A
CRIMINAL IN THE REAL
SENSE OF THE WORD-BUT
WHEN HE DECIDED TO
TAKE THE LAW INTO HIS
OWN HANDS-HE COULDN'T
ESCAPE THE HANGMAN!



LIVE BY THE GUN AND DIE BY—THE HANGMAN

•

Later, in his dim lighted rooms, Bob Dickering changed before the mirror. Changed to the costume of The Hangman!

Those two men who called on Langley had been carrying shoulder holsters and Langley was obviously worried about their

threat to play "records."

As The Hangman, dreaded arch-foe of crime, Bob Dickering intended to find the answer to the secret!

He found Langley alone in his study. From the window he saw Langley staring at a gun before he lifted it to his temple.

"Don't pull the trigger!" a sharp voice commanded him.

Langley looked up, startled. In the room there now stood a mysterious figure, a powerfully built man, with a black cape around his shoulders, his face hidden by a hood through which his eyes gleamed intently.

"Who—who are you?" Langley demanded.

The mysterious man spoke in a harsh and challenging tone, "Men call me The Hangman!" He moved closer to Langley, bent over and fixed him with his gleaming eyes. "This evening two men called, and threat-

BOB DICKERING and his friend, Langley, were talking quietly together when the two men came in.

"Well, Langley?" asked the taller of the two men. "We gave you until tonight. Have ya got it for us?"

"Why . . . er . . . not tonight. I'll have it for you in the morning." Langley seemed nervous. He was pale and beads of sweat glistened on his forehead.

The tall man looked Langley over with a long, cold stare. "You better have it," he said. "If you don't, we're going to play a couple of records. Understand?"

When the two men had gone, Bob Dickering turned to his friend. "Who were those boorish fellows, Langley?" he asked with pretended unconcern. "Friends of yours?"

Langley did not answer for a moment. Then he looked up with a start. "No," he said. "No, I wouldn't call them friends."

ened you. Is that why you were going to kill yourself?"

Langley stared. "Yes. They were blackmailing me. But I've no more money to pay them. And if they play those records—the scandal will ruin me!"

"Tell me about the records," The Hangman commanded.

Langley obeyed. There was no resisting the dominating will of The Hangman.

Langley told how once, at a party, a man named Salko, a hypnotist, performed for them. Later, Salko offered to give any of them a private demonstration of his powers, at his own studio. Langley accepted.

He had thought the experiment would be interesting. It was more than that.

When Salko awakened Langley from his trance, he played a record for him. The record was of Langley's own voice, telling about an escapade of his youth, a harmless adventure that would prove disastrous now to a man in Langley's position.

Salko demanded money, threatening to send the record to the newspapers if he was not paid.

Langley buried his head on his arms. "But I can't pay anymore! There's no way out for me . . . I'm ruined!"

He heard no answer. At last he looked up. The mysterious caped figure had vanished. The Hangman had disappeared into the shadows of the night.

A short time later, in the studios of Salko, the hypnotist, three men were in conference.

Salko, dressed in a long flowing green robe, and ornamented headdress, was giving further orders to his two henchmen.

Suddenly a shadow fell across their faces. It was the shadow of the gallows—the calling card of that scourge of criminals, The Hangman! "I know your blackmail scheme, Salko," said The Hangman. "It was a clever idea but it won't work anymore! Give me those records!"

Salko's hand dipped beneath his green robe and came out with a gun.

Like a cat, The Hangman ducked and came up under the shot. His fist crashed to Salko's jaw. The hypnotist slammed back into the wall, his gun falling from nerveless fingers.

The Hangman bent and hit the first gangster with a body block just below the knees. The gangster went up and over his back and landed on the floor with a jarring thump.

The other gangster was clawing at his gun when The Hangman hit him. He gave a low moan, and dropped like a plummet.

"Had enough?" The Hangman asked.

Salko's answer was a quick grab for the gun he had dropped. He was too late. The Hangman's foot came down on his wrist with bone-shattering impact. Salko groaned, and fainted.

One of the gangsters crawled back to his knees. All the fight was gone out of him. He gasped weakly as The Hangman pulled him erect.

"D-don't hit me again," he pleaded, "I'll talk, I'll tell everything!"

The Hangman's voice was stern. "After you tell me where to find those records, you'll do your talking to the police!"

Later, Bob Dickering and Langley were sitting together in his study. "I got the record back in the mail this morning," Langley said. "I owe everything to The Hangman. If there was only some way I could show my gratitude."

Bob Dickering said, "Whoever he is, The Hangman sounds like a very interesting fellow."

"He's wonderful! I just hope you'll have the pleasure of meeting him someday!"

Langley never did understand why Bob Dickering's only answer to this was an amused smile.

ROY & DUSTY
THE SUPER-BOY THE AMAZING
BOY DETECTIVE

SPECIAL
CASE
NO.3

BOY BUDDIES



NOT A CHANCE,
WIZARD!..NO DICE
ON THAT PROPOS-
ITION!

NOTHING
DOING, I TELL
YOU, SHIELD!
I WON'T GO!

COME BACK
YOU YOUNG
RASCAL!

HELLO, WIZARD!..
HOW DID YOU
MAKE OUT,
WITH ROY?
I CAN'T DO
A THING
WITH
DUSTY!

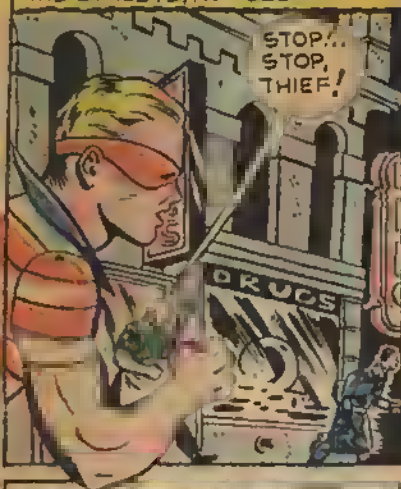
SAME HERE! THOSE
TWO BANTAMS CER-
TAINLY HAVE IDEAS
OF THEIR
OWN!

TALK ABOUT DOUBLE TROUBLE..THOSE
YOUNG RASCALS ARE AT IT AGAIN.....
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE SHIELD
AND THE WIZARD DON'T GET ALONG...
AND ROY GIVE THEM MORE TROUBLE
THAN THEY DO THE UNDERWORLD --
AND THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES...



by
COLLIERMAN
BILL WOOLFOLK

LATER, WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS, ROY SEES...



STOP THIEF, EH!
I'LL STOP HIM...
AND HOW!



JUST AS ROY BRINGS
DOWN THE FLEEING
SNEAK-THIEF, OUSTY
COMES RUNNING UP.



BOY, THAT'S
THROWING HIM
FOR A TEN YARD
LOSS, ROY!...
WHAT'S UP?

SEARCH ME
DUSTY! MUST
BE A SHOP-
LIFTER OF
SOME KIND!



KIND OF A NICE
LOOKING YOUNG
FELLER, TOO!
HOPE I DIDN'T
HURT HIM!

PROBABLY
ONLY
KNOCKED
THE WIND
OUT OF
HIM!



HERE COMES
THE GUY WHO'D
DID THE YELLING!



WHAT
HAPPENED
MISTER?

HE'S ONE OF SMILEY
JOE MARTIN'S HOOD-
LUMS... YOU KNOW -
THE PROTECTION
RACKETEER!

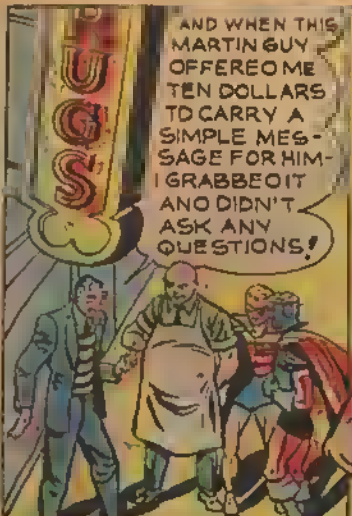


I WARNED MARTIN I WOULDN'T
PAY, AND THE NEXT TIME HE
CAME AROUND I'D CALL THE
POLICE ON HIM. SO TODAY
THIS ONE COMES TO MY STORE
AND TELLS ME SMILEY SENT
HIM TO WARN ME!



THAT'S RIGHT! HE DID,
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
THE WARNING WAS FOR...
I'M BROKE AND NEED A
JOB BADLY!





AND WHEN THIS MARTIN GUY OFFERED ME TEN DOLLARS TO CARRY A SIMPLE MESSAGE FOR HIM - I GRABBED IT AND DIDN'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!



HMM... YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE, HONEST BOY, AT THAT... I TELL YOU WHAT... JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW SORRY I AM, I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB!



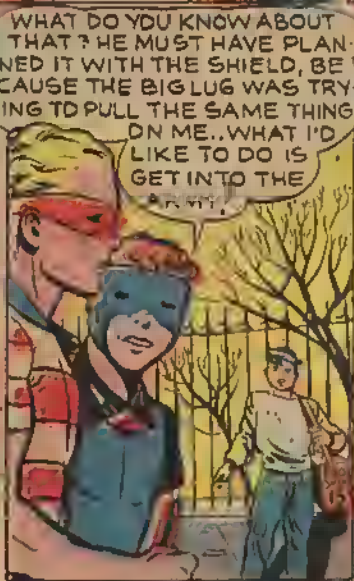
WELL, THAT'S ONE GOOD ODEO FOR TODAY... I FEEL LIKE A BOY SCOUT!

ME TOO... SO LONG, AND GOOD LUCK!



FUNNY, RUNNING INTO YOU THIS WAY, OUSTY. I WAS JUST DUCKING

THE WIZARD... HE'S TRYING TO GET ME TO GO TO SOME SISSY PREP SCHOOL!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? HE MUST HAVE PLANNED IT WITH THE SHIELD, BECAUSE THE BIG LUG WAS TRYING TO PULL THE SAME THING ON ME.. WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO IS GET INTO THE

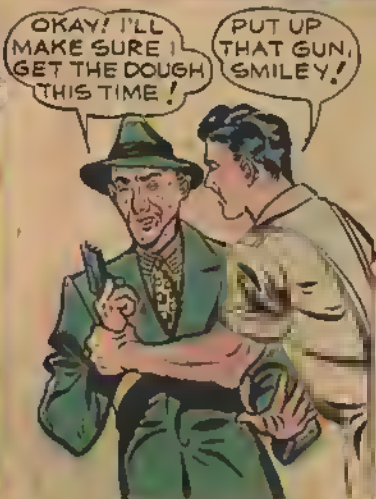


AND NOW, OUR SCENE CHANGES FOR THE MOMENT... SMILEY JOE MARTIN'S APARTMENT.

SO THAT GROCER MUG WON'T PAY UP, EH? I'LL DROP IN ON HIM POISONALLY!

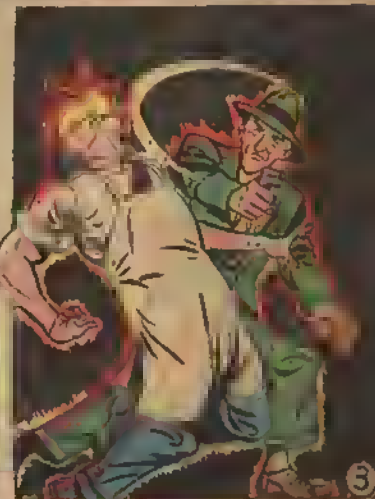


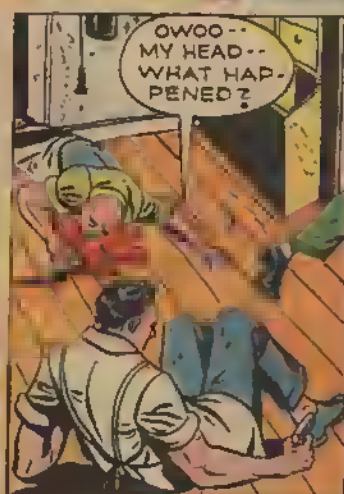
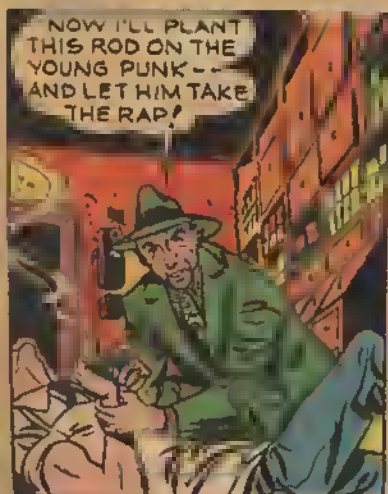
SMILEY JOE! SO, YA PUNK... I SENO YA OUT ON A JOB AND YA WIND UP WORKIN' AGAINST ME, HUH?

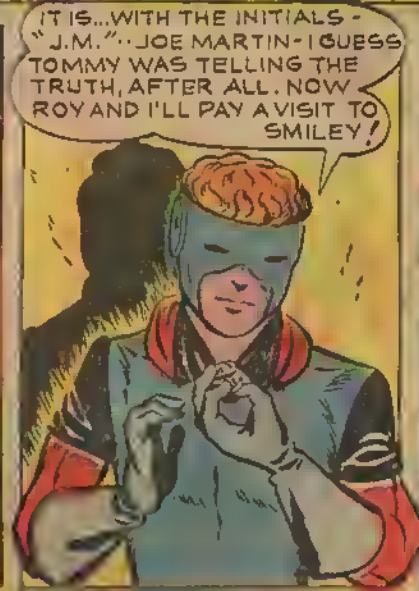
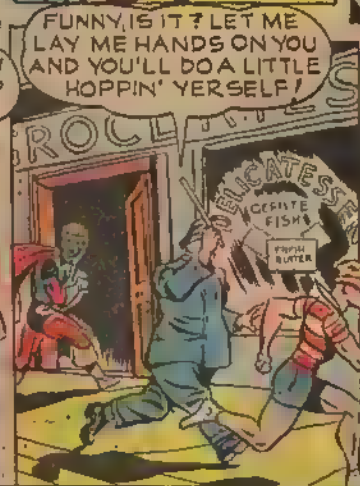
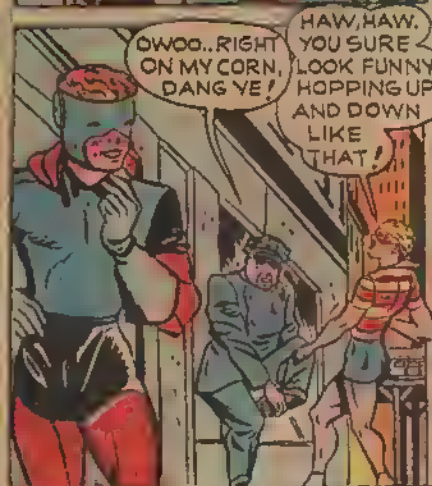
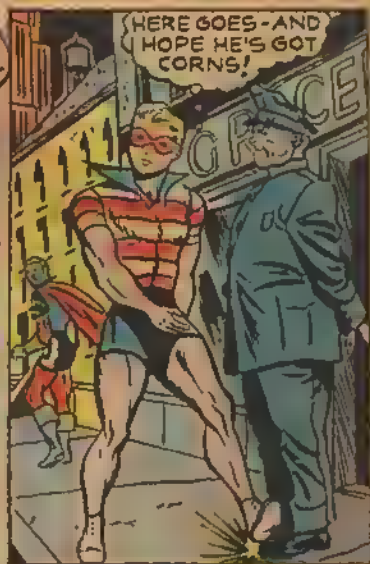
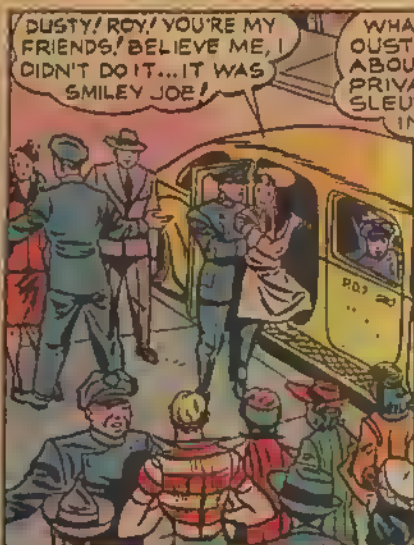


OKAY! I'LL MAKE SURE I GET THE DOUGH THIS TIME!

PUT UP THAT GUN, SMILEY!







THAT'S THAT...
AND NOW, LET'S
PAY OUR RESPECTS
TO SMILEY!

WHAT IN
LOOK...
WHAT'S
COMIN',
SMILEY?

HIYA, SMILEY... WE
WERE OUT SLUM-
MING SO WE
THOUGHT WE'D
DROP IN ON YOU!

LOOK, SMILEY, YOU KILLED
THAT GROCER. THIS CUFF -
LINK OF YOURS I FOUND
ON THE SCENE OF THE
CRIME PROVES IT!

PRETTY SMART -
AREN'T
YOU?

PRETTY DUMB,
I'D SAY, TO WALK
IN HERE LIKE
THIS... I GOT
THIS ONE,
SMILEY!

AND I'LL
HANDLE
HIM!

OWWW!

BUT ALL THE
THUGS HAVE
SUCCEEDED IN
DOING IS
SETTING
THE FUSE
TO TWIN
BOMB-
SHELLS...

ROY... BEHIND
YOU... SMILEYS
TRYING TO
GET AWAY!

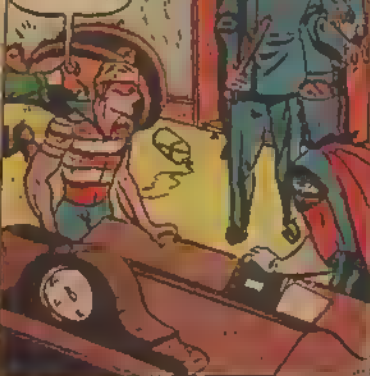
THAT'S
TOO
BAD...

...FOR
SMILEY!

NOW, LET'S SEE... THIS
LOOKS LIKE A DESK IN
ALL KINDS OF INTEREST-
ING INFORMATION...

WELL, WELL... THE POLICE HERE ALREADY?

WHAT'S GOING ON, HERE? WHO SENT IN A CALL?



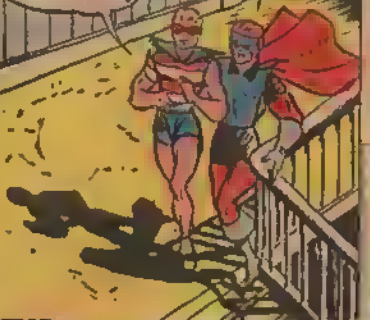
WE DID, WE EXPECTED TO FIND SOMETHING THE POLICE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN - AND WE DID. HERE! SOME RECORDS THAT GANGSTER SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT LYING AROUND.



YOU'LL FIND THE MURDERED GROCER'S NAME THERE AS ONE OF HIS 'CUSTOMERS' - THAT AND THE CUFF LINK WE FOUND NEXT TO THE VICTIM -- FIGURE IT OUT..

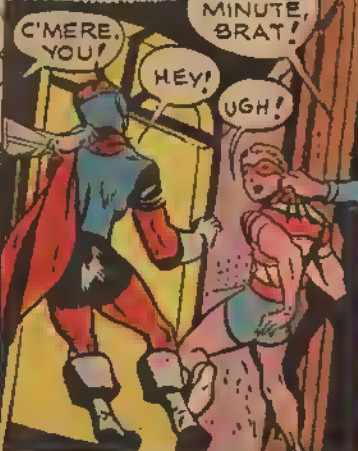


DO YOU THINK THAT'LL CONVINCE 'EM THAT TOMMY'S INNOCENT!



YOU BET IT WILL - ESPECIALLY WITH SMILEY, THE POLICE DON'T NEED MUCH CONVINCING WITH THAT RACKETEER!

SUDDENLY--



C'MERE, YOU!

JUST A MINUTE, BRAT!

HEY!

UGH!

SO WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!

HOW LONG DID YOU THINK YOU COULD DODGE US?

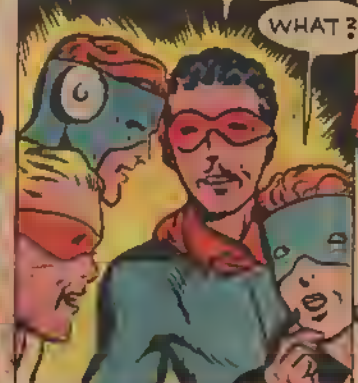


LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MINDS ABOUT THAT SISSY PREP SCHOOL- WE HOPE- TYING US UP IN A PLACE LIKE THAT WITH A WAR GOING ON- WHY?



SO IT'S THE WAR THAT'S GOT 'EM.. YOU TELL 'EM, WIZARD!

OKAY, SHIELD. IT'S NOT A PREP SCHOOL WE WANT YOU TO GO TO. IT'S A MILITARY SCHOOL!



MILITARY SCHOOL...WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! THAT'S RIGHT UP OUR ALLEY!

YOU BET! WHEN DO WE START?

RIGHT NOW!



SPECIAL
CASE
No. 4

LISTEN, PELLAS, THIS TIME
WE'VE REALLY GOT HOLD OF
AN IOEA - AN IOEA THAT ALL
OF YOU CAN JOIN IN! I'M
NOT GOING TO TELL YOU
WHAT IT IS - JUST READ
THE STORY AND FIND
OUT!

ROY and DUSTY

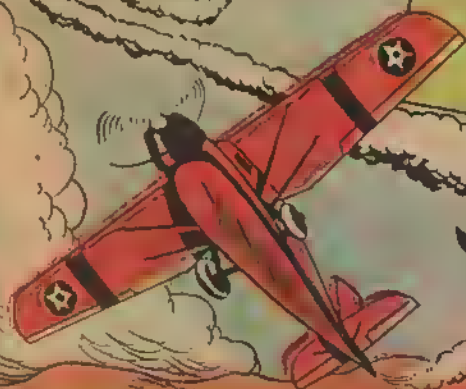
THE AMAZING
BOY DETECTIVE



Don't mess with me!

YOU TELL 'EM,
DUSTY! THIS IOEA IS
SO BIG WE'RE GOING
TO NEED ALL THE HELP
WE CAN GET! I'LL BET
OUR FRIENDS ARE GO-
ING TO COME THROUGH
FOR US, TOO!

SINCE UNCLE SAM GOT INTO
THIS BIG SCRAP, ROY AND
DUSTY HAVE BEEN ACHING
TO GET INTO ACTION! SO
FAR THE BEST THEY COULD
DO IS GET THEMSELVES
ENROLLED AS CADETS
IN A MILITARY SCHOOL
THAT'S WHERE WE
FIND THEM AS THE
STORY BEGINS...



BILL WOOLFOLK &
PAUL REIMMAN



TEN-SHUN!
EYES RIGHT!

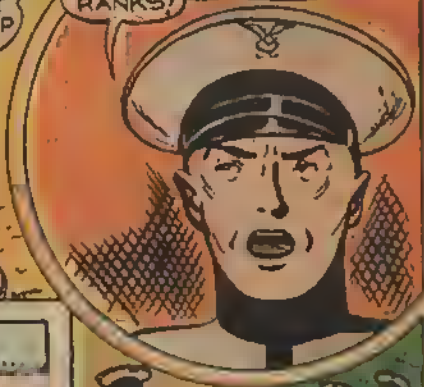


PLATOONS -
FORWARD
MARCH!



ONE-TWO,
ONE-TWO-
LET'S GET
SOME SNAP
IN IT!

ALL RIGHT,
YOU CAN STOP TRY-
ING TO ACT LIKE SOL-
DIERS NOW! BREAK
RANKS!



WHEW! THAT
WAS SOME
WORKOUT!

I'LL
SAY!



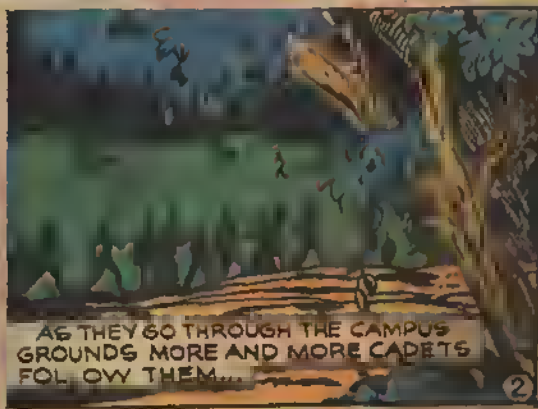
ROY TAKES A FEW OF
THEIR FRIENDS ASIDE..



IT'S
RIGHT
OVER
THIS
WAY!



LOOK BEHIND YOU!
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE A CROWD
WATCHING
US!



AS THEY GO THROUGH THE CAMPUS
GROUNDS MORE AND MORE CADETS
FOLLOW THEM...

WHEN THEY REACH AN OLD
SECLUDED BARN ROY AND
DUSTY THROW BACK THE
DOORS...



THERE SHE
IS, FELLAS!
HOW DO YOU
LIKE HER?

TOOK US SIX
WEEKS TO BUILD,
BUT SHE WAS
WORTH IT!



BRAVO!

HOORAY
FOR ROY AND
DUSTY!



COMON, ROY! WE'RE
GOING TO TAKE HER
UP FOR A TRIAL
FLIGHT!



WITH THE CADETS
LENDING A WILLING
HAND THE PLANE
IS TRUNDLED OUT
OF THE BARN...



ROY AND DUSTY WARM THE
MOTOR. THERE IS A ROAR OF
ENGINES AND THE PLANE
ROLLS FORWARD...

THEY'RE OFF!
YIPPEE!



O BOY! WE
MADE IT! WE'RE
FLYING!



SUDDENLY -

HEY, ROY!
THE JOY-STICK!
IT'S STUCK!

THE PLANE'S OUT OF
CONTROL! OH, GOSH
AND GOLLY!

THE OFFICER OF THE DAY
SPOTS THE WILDLY
VEERING PLANE...

DOWN, DOWN!
JUST MISSING A ROOF-
TOP, THE PLANE PLUNGES
IN ITS FINAL DIVE!

IF THEY GET OUT OF
THERE ALIVE THEY'LL
WISH THEY HADN'T!

DO
YOU FEEL
AY, ROY?

I THINK SO. ON
SECOND THOUGHT
MAYBE I DON'T -
HERE COMES THE
O.D.!

COME ON! I'M TAKING
YOU TO THE COMMAN-
DANT! HE'LL KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH
YOU!

AND THAT'S
THE STORY,
SIR!

HMM...

IT'S TIME YOU
CADETS REALIZED
THIS IS NOT A FLYING
SCHOOL! YOU'RE BEING
TRAINED TO BE
SOLDIERS, NOT
AIRPLANE
PILOTS!



YOU'LL BE CONFINED TO
BARRACKS FOR THE NEXT
WEEK! THAT'S ALL!

B-BUT,
SIR!



DOGGONE IT! HOW CAN WE
MAKE THEM REALIZE THAT WE
YOUNG FELLOWS WANT TO
FLY, TOO!



SAY, DUSTY! I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!



WE'LL TELL OUR
STORY TO SOME-
ONE WHO WILL
LISTEN., UNCLE
SAM!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF MAJOR
NEILSON, U.S. ARMY FLYING
CORPS...

SON, I'VE JUST
HEARD YOU WERE GOING
TO SOLO TOMORROW, I'M
PROUD OF YOU!



PARDON ME, SIR!
THERE ARE TWO BOYS
OUTSIDE WHO WOULD
LIKE TO SEE YOU!

SHOW
THEM
IN!



MAJOR NEILSON?
WE'VE GOT A PLAN THAT
WE THINK WILL INTER-
EST YOU!

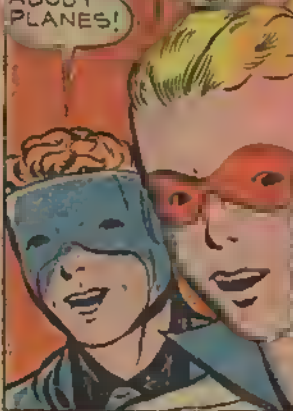


COUNTRY NEEDS PILOTS
RIGHT NOW-AND FOR A LONG
TIME TO COME-RIGHT? THAT'S
WHERE WE YOUNG FELLOWS
COME IN!



THERE ISN'T
ANY WAY
FOR US TO
LEARN
ABOUT
PLANES!

EXCEPT
TO WAIT
UNTIL
WE GROW
UP!



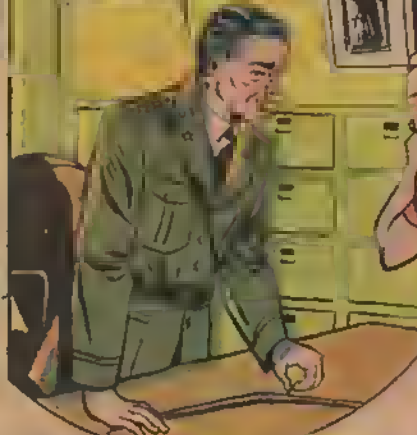
IT'D BE A KEEN
IDEA IF, SAY, THE
ARMY COULD
TRAIN US,
RIGHT
NOW!

SURE! WE'D
BE THE
FUTURE FLY-
ING CADETS
OF AMERICA!



I'M SORRY...BUT
WE'RE HAVING ALL WE
CAN DO RIGHT NOW TO
TRAIN ENOUGH MEN!

I APPRECIATE YOUR
MOTIVES, BUT-WELL-
FRANKLY YOUR IDEA
IS A LITTLE FAR-
FETCHED!



DAD, THERE'S
SOMETHING I'VE
JUST GOT
TO TELL
YOU... I...
I...



WELL,
WHAT
IS IT?

NEVER
MIND...I'VE
FORGOTTEN!



I COULDN'T TELL
HIM...I'D BREAK
HIS HEART!
I'M JUST A
COWARD!

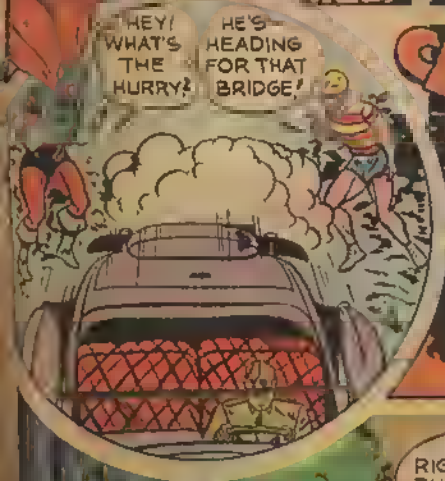


I CAN'T GO UP TOMORROW...
I CAN'T SOLO!.. THERE IS
ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF
THIS MESS FOR ME!



HEY!
WHAT'S
THE
HURRY?

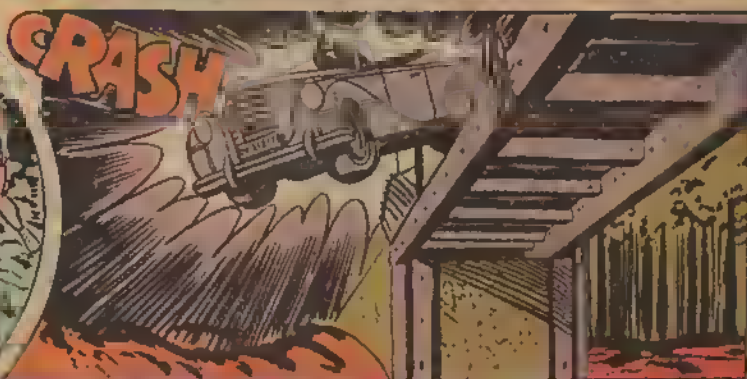
HE'S
HEADING
FOR THAT
BRIDGE!



THE SPEEDING CAR PICKS UP ROY AND
DUSTY IN ITS HEADLIGHTS, AS THEY ARE
TRUDGING ALONG THE ROAD...



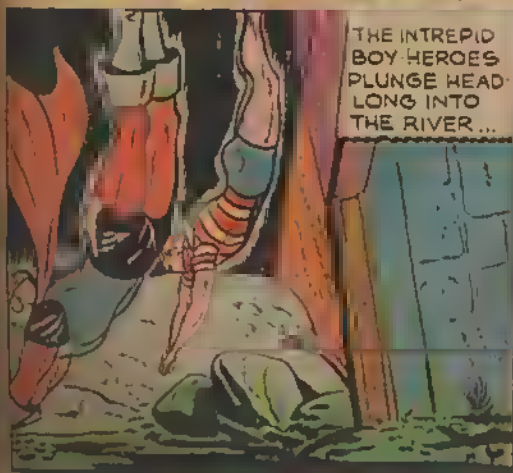
CRASH



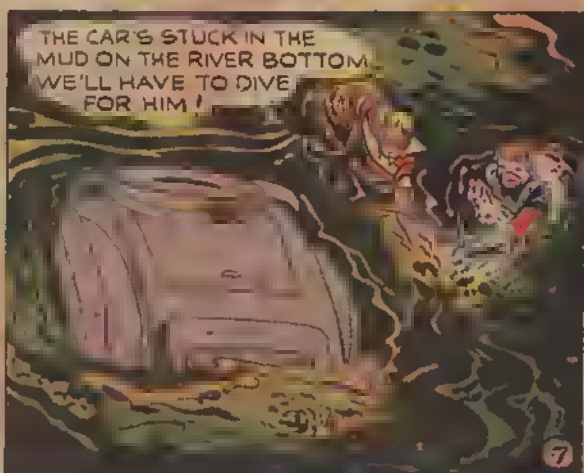
HE WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
THE RAIL! C'MON,
DUSTY!



THE INTREPID
BOY HEROES
PLUNGE HEAD-
LONG INTO
THE RIVER...



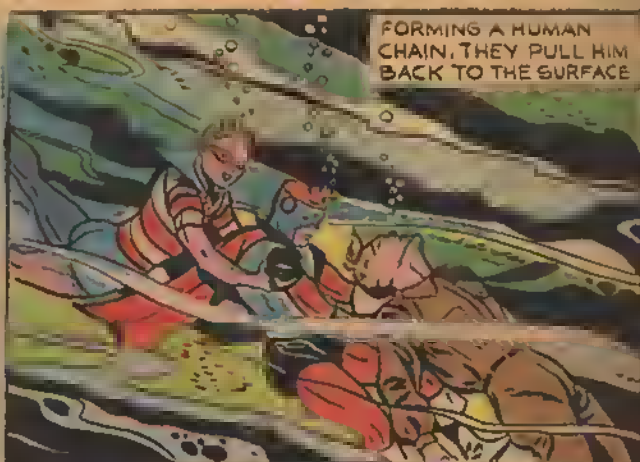
THE CAR'S STUCK IN THE
MUD ON THE RIVER BOTTOM.
WE'LL HAVE TO DIVE
FOR HIM!



SWIMMING LIKE EELS,
THE BOY BUDDIES
REACH THE IM-
PRISONED
AVIATOR...



FORMING A HUMAN
CHAIN, THEY PULL HIM
BACK TO THE SURFACE



SAY, DUSTY,
ISN'T THIS
MAJOR NEIL-
SON'S SON?

YEAH AND HE
LOOKS MORE
DEAD THAN
ALIVE!



HE'S COMING TO...MISTER,
YOU JUST MISSED HAVING A
NASTY ACCIDENT!



BUT YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND...IT WASN'T AN
ACCIDENT! I WANTED
TO DIE!

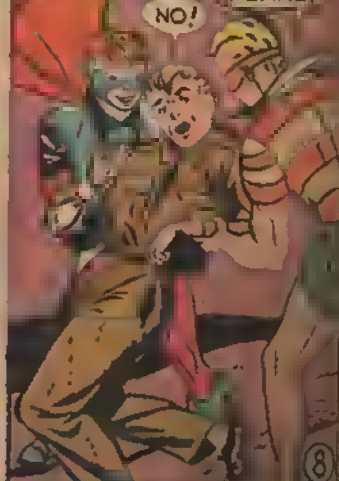


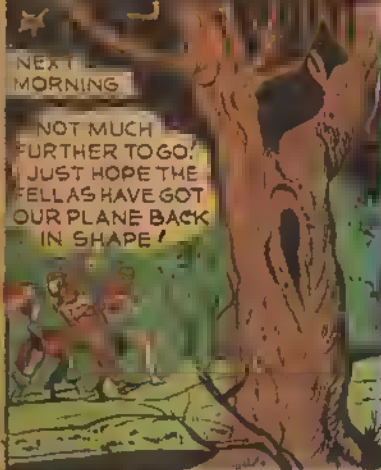
I'M SUPPOSED TO SOLO TO-
MORROW, AND I CAN'T DO IT!
I'M AFRAID! IT WAS BAD
ENOUGH WHEN THERE WAS
AN INSTRUCTOR WITH ME, BUT
IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO FACE
ALONE. I COULDN'T BEAR THE
THOUGHT OF DISGRACING FATHER!

MISTER, YOU NEED
SOMEBODY TO TAKE YOU
IN HAND! WE'VE GOT JUST
THE THING FOR YOU TO
GET OVER YOUR FEAR
OF FLYING!



YOU'VE GOT A HIKE
AHEAD OF YOU, MISTER!
WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK
TO THE CAMPUS AND LET
YOU TRY YOUR
WINGS ON OUR
PLANE!





NEXT MORNING

NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO. JUST HOPE THE FELLAS HAVE GOT OUR PLANE BACK IN SHAPE!



I WON'T DO IT! I TELL YOU! I CAN'T.

THE HECK YOU CAN'T!



...YOU WERE GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE ANYWAY, WERENT YOU? WELL, OUR PLANE'S AS GOOD A WAY TO DO IT AS ANY... SO HOP IN!

HA HA... THAT'S A FUNNY WAY OF PUTTING IT... BUT I GUESS YOU' RE RIGHT!



BOY, THE GANG YEAH... AND IF SURE DID A THEY DIDNT. QUICK JOB OF WHAT ITOLD SHAPING UP THAT PILOT MAY BE TRUER THAN THIS CRATE. I THOUGHT.



OKAY, ROY! CONTACT!



NOW COME ON! TAKE THE CONTROLS, OR DO I HAVE TO SOCK YOU ONE!



THERE THEY GO! GOOD LUCK, DUSTY, AND WHEN YOU COME DOWN, BRING BACK A FLYER WITH YOU!



HIGHER, HIGHER THE LITTLE PLANE MOUNTS...

COME ON, MISTER, SHOW ME A LITTLE FANCY STUFF!



OVER AND DOWN THE PLANE GOES INTO A BARREL LOOP...

MISTER, YOU'RE A REAL FLYER!
ANYBODY WHO CAN MAKE THIS
OL' CRATE STAND ON
END CAN FLY ANY-
THING FOR
MY MONEY



SMOOTHLY THE PLANE TURNS
INTO THE WIND AND COASTS
TO A PERFECT
LANDING...



I DID IT! I FLEW IT
MYSELF... BOY, I FEEL
LIKE I COULD LICK THE
WORLD NOW!



I CAN'T EVER THANK YOU
FELLOWS ENOUGH... BUT IF
THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO
TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE
JUST NAME IT!



THERE IS SOMETHING
YOU CAN DO! YOU CAN
PUT THE PRESSURE ON
YOUR DAD FOR AN
IDEA WE'RE TRYING
TO SELL HIM!



NEXT DAY...

AFTER I GET
THROUGH WITH THIS SOLD,
DAD, I WANT TO TALK TO
YOU AGAIN ABOUT THE
JUNIOR FLYING CADETS!



SON,
YOU'RE JUST
WASTING
YOUR TIME!
I WOULDN'T
EVEN CONSIDER
THE IDEA. IMAGINE
TRYING TO TEACH
YOUNGSTER
ABOUT PLANES
HA!



THERE'S YOUR
PLANE! HOP IN, AND
LET'S SEE WHAT
YOU CAN DO!



GODD
LUCK,
SDN!





IN A STEEP ASCENDING
DIVE, THE RYAN TRAINING
PLANE ROARS SKYWARD...



FLYING!...IT'S FUNNY
BUT I'M NOT AFRAID
ANY MORE!



BUT THE MAJORS
SON HAS GOOD REA-
SON TO BE AFRAID...UN-
KNOWN TO HIM, THE
ENGINE HAS SPRUNG
A LEAK.

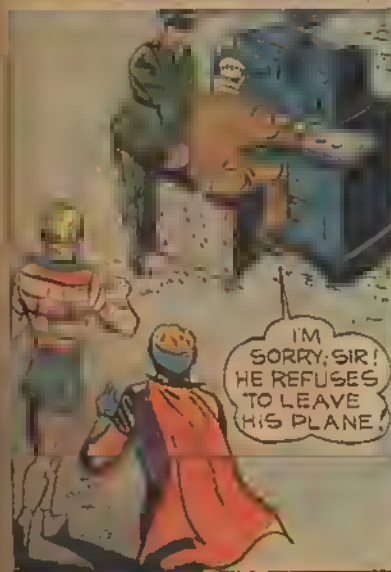
THE MOTOR COUGHS AND
SPUTTERS...THE PLANE
DIVES, OUT OF CONTROL...



LOOK,
MAJOR!
SOMETHING'S
GONE WRONG!



QUICK! TELL HIM TO
BAIL OUT BEFORE HE
CRASHES!



I'M
SORRY, SIR!
HE REFUSES
TO LEAVE
HIS PLANE!



I'M COMING
IN WITH THE
PLANE OR
NOT AT
ALL!

I COMMAND
YOU TO BAIL
OUT! SON...
PLEASE SAVE
YOURSELF!

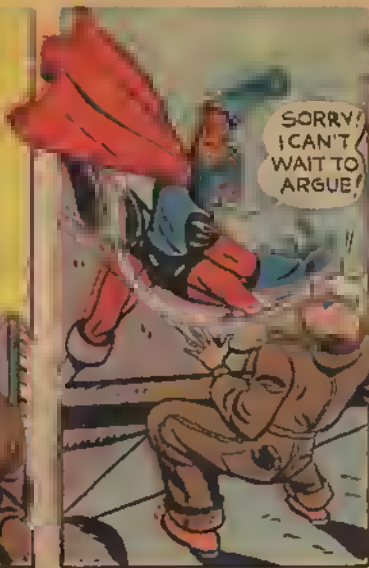


COME
ON, DUST!
THIS IS
WHERE
WE TAKE
A HAND!

WAIT A MINUTE!
YOU CAN'T GO IN
THERE!



SORRY!
I CAN'T
WAIT TO
ARGUE!



ROY IS BLOCKED OFF BY
TWO MECHANICS...

GRAB
HIM!



GOTCHA!

NOT ME
YOU DOPE,
HIM!



LET 'ER RIDE,
DUSTY!

HOLD ON
TO YOUR
HAT! HERE
WE GO!



I HOPE THIS
PLANE WORKS
THE SAME AS
THE JALOPPY
WE BUILT!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN-
YOU
HOPE!



THE PLANE
LURCHES SKY-
WARD, BARELY
MISSING
THE
TREES



THERE
HE IS, ROY!
I'M GOING
TO PULL
ALONG SIDE!

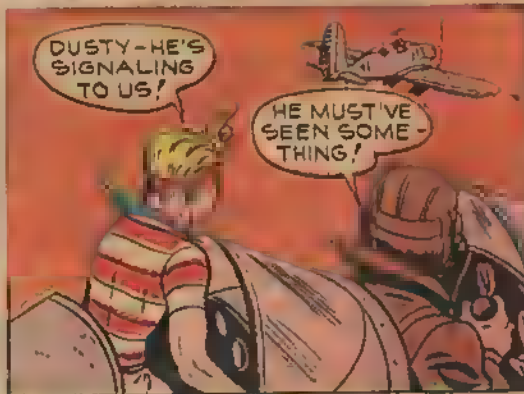
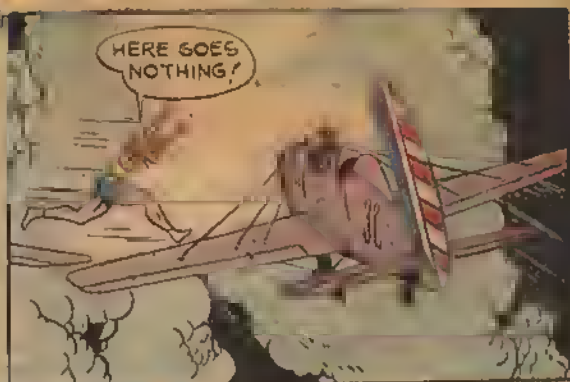
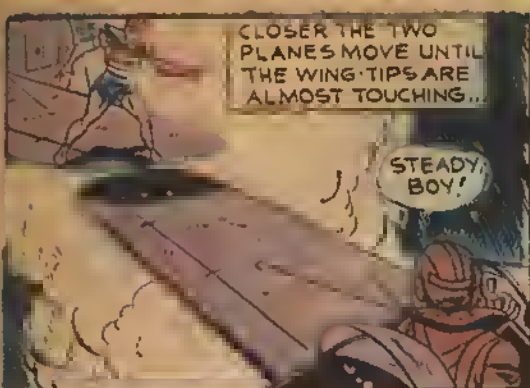
THEN WHAT
AM I SUPPOSED
TO DO- WING
WALK?



COMING RIGHT
UP, MISTER!

I JUST HOPE
I WON'T BE
GOING RIGHT
DOWN!



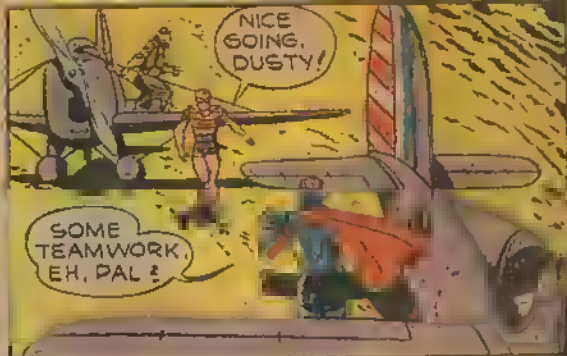


AS HIS MOTOR QUILTS, THE MAJOR'S SON SWINGS HIS PLANE INTO LINE BEHIND DUSTY. IN A LONG DESCENDING GLIDE THE TWO PLANES HEAD INTO THE FOREST.



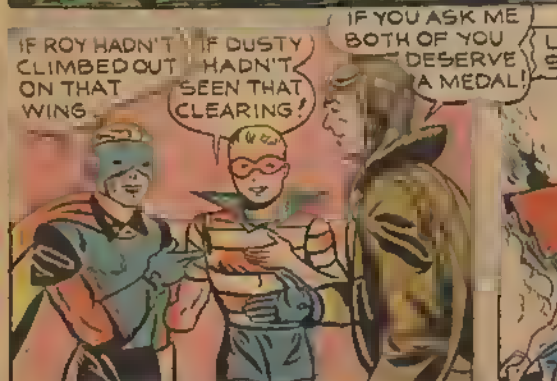


THEY LAND IN A SMALL CLEARING WHICH DUSTY HAD SPOTTED FROM ABOVE



NICE GOING, DUSTY!

SOME TEAMWORK, EH, PAL?



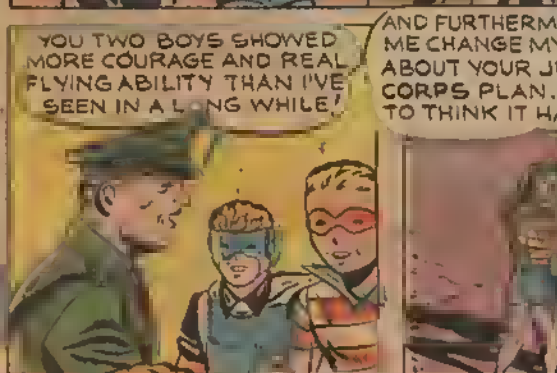
IF ROY HADN'T CLIMBED OUT ON THAT WING

IF DUSTY HADN'T SEEN THAT CLEARING!

IF YOU ASK ME BOTH OF YOU DESERVE A MEDAL!

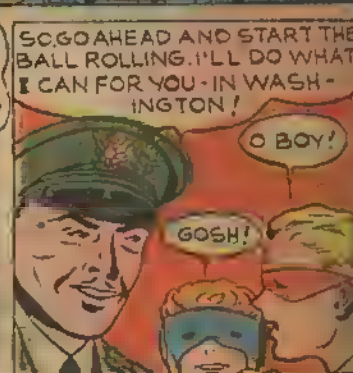
LATER, AT THE AIRPORT, THREE TIRED BUT HAPPY SKY WARRIORS RETURN...

CONGRATULATIONS, SON!



YOU TWO BOYS SHOWED MORE COURAGE AND REAL FLYING ABILITY THAN I'VE SEEN IN A LONG WHILE!

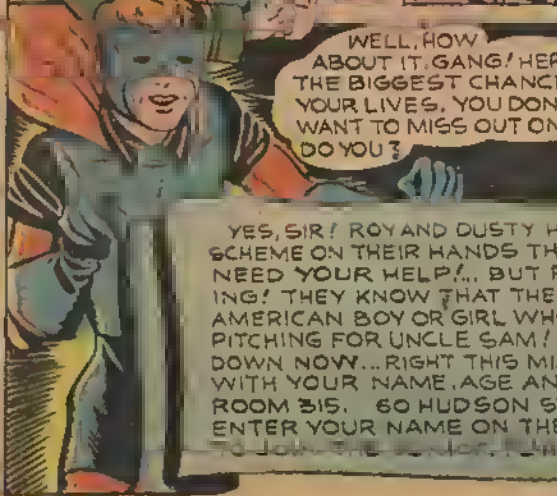
AND FURTHERMORE YOU'VE MADE ME CHANGE MY MIND COMPLETELY ABOUT YOUR JUNIOR FLYING CORPS PLAN. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT HAS POSSIBILITIES!



SO GO AHEAD AND START THE BALL ROLLING. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR YOU - IN WASHINGTON!

O BOY!

GOSH!



WELL, HOW ABOUT IT, GANG! HERE'S THE BIGGEST CHANCE OF YOUR LIVES. YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS OUT ON IT - DO YOU?

OF COURSE THEY DON'T, DUSTY! JUST WATCH HOW THOSE LETTERS WILL POUR IN!

YES, SIR! ROY AND DUSTY HAVE REALLY GOT A MAN-SIZE SCHEME ON THEIR HANDS THIS TIME. THEY ARE GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP... BUT ROY AND DUSTY AREN'T WORRYING! THEY KNOW THAT THERE ISN'T A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY OR GIRL WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE IN THERE PITCHING FOR UNCLE SAM! DON'T DISAPPOINT THEM! SIT DOWN NOW... RIGHT THIS MINUTE... AND SEND A LETTER WITH YOUR NAME, AGE AND ADDRESS TO BOY BUDDIES, ROOM 315, 60 HUDSON ST. NEW YORK CITY... WE'LL ENTER YOUR NAME ON THE LIST OF THOSE WHO WANT TO JOIN THE SENIOR FLYING BOYS!